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English Reprints.

BARNABE GOOGE.

Eglogs, Epitaphes, & Sonettes.

1563.

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CAREFULLY EDITED BY
EDWARD ARBER.

Associate, King's College, London, A.K.C., F.R.G.S., &c.



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By Barnabe Googe.

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NOTES of the LIFE and WRITINGS

of

BARNABE GOOGE.

His surname is also variously spelt *Goche*, *Goghe*, *Gouche*, &c.

There was printed at Venice an undated Latin satirical poem in twelve books named after the signs of the Zodiac. *Zodiacus* [? 1535—1539] *Vita pulcherrimo opus atque utilissimum, Marcelli Palingenii stellati Poetae ad illustrissimum Ferrarie Ducem Hercules secundem feliciter incipit.* The dedication to Hercules II. d'Este, who was Duke of Ferrara between 1 Nov. 1534—3 Oct. 1559, fixes the date of the impression, to which Thomas Scaurus prefaced a few verses. Marcellus Palingenius is believed to be an anagram for Pietro Angelo Manzoli, an Italian, respecting whose life very little is known. We have printed Googe's own account of him at p. 13. Despite its being put on the Index by the Council of Trent; more than twenty editions of this celebrated *Invective* have been published in Latin and other languages: including two Latin editions at Basle in 1552 and 1557, which Googe may have used in his translation and another at London in 1579.

1553. FEB. 20. Thomas Kirchmeyer or Naogeorgus [*d.* 1511—*d.* 29 Dec. 1563] was the author of another anti-Papist *invective* in verse, entitled *Regni Papistici*, the preface of which is dated 20 Feb.,

JUNE and the imprint June 1553.

1558. NOV. 17. Elizabeth succeeds to the throne.

1559. SEPT. A second edition of *Regni Papistici* is published at Basle. NOV. 24. The date of Jasper Heywood's poetical preface to his translation of Seneca's *Thyestes*, the printing of which was finished on 25 March 1560. In this preface, he supposes himself to meet Seneca, while in a dream, whom he thus addresses. [The allusions are important as showing the rage for translating then prevailing; and also as virtually announcing Googe's translation, no portion of which had as yet appeared.]

*A labour long (quoth I) it is that riper age doothe craue
And who shall trauaile in thy bookees, more iudgement ought to haue.
Then I: whose greener yeares therby no thanks may hope to wynne.
Thou seest dame Nature yet hath sett no heares vpon my chynne
Craue this therefore of grauer age, and men of greater skill
Full many be that better can, and some perhappes that will.
But yf thy will be rather bent a yong mans witt to prove,
And thinkst that elder lerned men perhappes it shall behoue,
In woorkes of waight to spender theyr tyme, goe where Mineruaes men,
And finest witts doe swarne: whome she hath taught to passe with pen.
In Lyncolnes Inne and Temples twayne, Grayes Inne and other mo,
Ihou shalt them synde whose paynfull pen thy verse shall flourishe so,
That Melphomen thou woldst well weene had taught them for to wright,
And all their woorkes with stately style, and goodly grace t'endite,
There shalt thou see the selfe same Northe, whose woorkes his witte displayes,
And Dyall dothe of Princes paynte, and preache abroad his prayse.
There Sackuyldes Sonetts sweetely sauste, and seatly synd bee,
There Norton's ditties do delight, there Yeluertons doo flee
Well pewrde with pen: suche yong men three, as weene thou mightest agayne,
To be begotte as Pallas was, of mighty Ioue his brayne.
Then heare thou shalt a great reporte of Baldwyns worthie name
Whose Myrrour doth of Magistrates, proclayme eternall fame.
And there the gentle Blunduillie is by name and eke by kynde,*

6 NOTES OF THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF B. GOOGE.

*Of whome we learne by Plutarches lore, what frute by Foes to fynde,
There Bauande bydes, that turnde his toyle a Common welthe to frame,
And greater grace in Englyshe genues, to woorthy authors name,
There Googe a gratefull gaynes hath gote, reporte that runneth ryse
Who crooked Compasse dothe describe, and Zodiake of lyfe.
And yet great nombre more, whose names yf I shoulde now resight,
A ten tymes greater woorke then thine, I should be forste to wright.*

BARNABY GOOGE, son of Robert Googe, esq. recorder of Lincoln, by Margaret his wife, daughter of Sir John Mantell, was born in or about 1540, at Alvingham, Lincolnshire. He was some time a member of Christ's College in this university, but does not appear to have graduated here. He was also of New College, Oxford. Upon leaving college, he travelled through France to Spain. . . . By his wife he had issue Matthew; Thomas; Robert, Fellow of All Souls' College, Oxford; Barnaby, master of Magdalen College, Cambridge; Francis; William; Anne; Mary. *Cooper. Athen. Cantab.* ii. 39. *Ed.* 1858.

1559. The first of the translations of Seneca; *Troas*, by T. Heywood, published.

1560. APR. or MAY. There is the following entry in the Stationer's Registers
"Receyvd of Raufe newberry, for his lycense for printing of a
boke called pallengenius, and he getheth to the howse . . . iiiij^d"
J. P. Collier. *Extracts. &c.* i. 26. *Ed.* 1848.

This was *The First thre Bokes of the most Christian poet Marcellus Palingenius called The ZODIAKE OF LIFE Newly translated out of Latin into Englysh*. This edition, which we have been unable to see, Mr. Collier states, in *Bibliographical Catalogue*, "This is one of the rarest poetical works in our language: we never had an opportunity of seeing more than the exemplar before us, and our belief is that only one other copy is in existence." ii. 88. *Ed.* 1865. Mr. Collier also states that it is dedicated to his grandmother lady Hales, and also to William Cromer, Thomas Honywood and Ralph Heimund Esquires. Herbert states that he styles this piece, 'the first frutes of his study.' p. 767. It likewise contains the following initial poems [which we here print from the next edition of 1561]:

The Preface.

When as syr Phebe with backward course, the horned gote had caught,
And had the place from whence he turnes his lofty face out sought:
Amid the entraunce of the grades of Capricorne he stode,
And distant far from him away was Marce with fiery mode,
He lackd th[e] aspect of mighty Ioue and Venus pleasant loke
with beames he could not broile from hie for heat his Globe forsoke.
Old Saturne then aloft did lie, with lusty riueted face:
And with a backward course he ranne from out the twinnes apace,
And towards the Bull he gan to drive intending thereto rest,
His crooked crabbed cankered limmes in louely Venus nest.
With frozen face about he loked and vile deformed hewe,
And downe the boysteron Boreas sent in every coste that blewe,
Who spoyldle the pleasant trees of leafe, byrst the ground of grene,
That life in springing springs or plants might no where now be sene:
The lively sappe forsoke the bough and depe the root it held
And spoyling frutes the flakey snowes on tender bowes they dweld.
When downe amongst my bokes I sate and close I crouched for cold,
Fayre Ladys nyne with stately steps aloft I might behold,
In mantels gyrt of comely grace, and bokes in hand they bare,
With Laurell leafe theyr heade were crownd, a sight to me but rare.
I saw them come and vp I rose, as dewty moued to meete
These learned Nymphes, and down I fall before theyr comely feete.
With rosey lippes and shining face and Melpomen her name,
This lady fyrst began to speake, and thus her wordes to frame.
Stand vp yong man, quoth she, dispatch, and take thy pen in hand,
Wryte thou the ciuil warres and broyle in auncient Latines land.

Reduce to English sence she said, the lofty Lucanes verse
 The cruel chaunce and dolfull end of Cesars state rehearse.
 Maddam (quoth Vrany) with that, in this you do me wrong
 To mone my man to serue your turne that hath profesd of long,
 And vowed his yeaeres with me to serue in secreat motions hie,
 To beat his brain in searching forth the rowlinges of the sky.
 Nay rather take in hand quod she, (and on me ful she lokes)
 With English rime to bring to light Aratus worthy bokes.
 Describe the whirling spheares aboue and movinges euery one,
 How forced about from East to West from West to East they gone:
 Aratus vers wil shew the plain how Circles al they run
 How glides ye course thorow crooked line of Phebe the shining sun.
 Wheras the fixed Poles do stay, and where the snake doth crepe,
 In heauens hi among the North where beares theyr course do kepe
 By this (quoth she) thou shalt receive immortal fame at last,
 Much more then if thou shouldest declare those bloudy bankets past.
 These wordes declard wylt pleaseant voyce, this Lady held her peace,
 And forth before them all I saw the loueliest Lady prease:
 Of stature tal, and Venus face, she semde me thought to haue
 And Calliope she called was with verse that wrytes so graue,
 Sisters quod she and Ladies all of loue his mighty line,
 To whom no art doth lie vnkowne that heare we may define:
 Chefe patrons of the Poets pore, and aiders of their verse,
 Without whose help their simple heds wold nothing well rehearse,
 I am become suster here to you my Ladies all,
 For him that heare before you standes as unto learning thrall,
 A Poet late I had whose pen, did tread the crabbed wayes,
 Of vertuous life, declaring how that men shoulde spend theyr daies.
 In Romish lande he lised longe, and Palingen his name
 It was. Whereby he got himselfe an euerlasting fame
 Of them that learned be. But of the meane and ruder sorte
 He liues vnkowne and lackes therby his iuste and right reporte.
 Wherfore my sute is to you all graunte me this wyght a while,
 That standeth heare that he may turne my Poetes stately style,
 To Vulgar speche in natvie tonge: that all may understande.
 To this they all agreed and sayed, take thou that worcke in hande.
 Amased then I answered thus good ladies al (quoth I)
 Whose Clientes same, for euer flies and name can neuer dye
 Returne your sentence late pronounced call back your wordes agayne,
 And let not me take that in hande that I can not attayne.
 In Englannde here a hundred hedes more able nowe therbe,
 Thys same to doe: then chose the besta and let the worste go free.
 Best you doe so then that my verse receave immortall shame,
 When I shall paye the price of paynes with hasarde of my name.
 With this they all began to frown and wholy with on[e] voice.
 Take thou this same in hande thei crie, thou hast none other choyse.
 And fast away from me thei fling, as halfe in angry moode
 Thei leste me thus in wofull case: whereas a while I stode,
 And mused what I best might do, at last my pen I tooke
 Commaunded thus to English heare, this famous Poets booke.
 Now since that I haue thus begunne, you (learned) I requyre:
 With your dispraise or great dysdaine quenche not this kyndled fyre:
 But geue me rather cause to ende, this worke so late begonne,
 So shall I thinke and well bestowde my paynes when all is done.

¶ The booke to the reader.

Who sekes to shun ye shaitring sails of mighty Momus mast,
 Must not attempt ye sugred seas, where muses ancouer cast.
 For Momus there doth ryde at stote, with scornewfull tonges yfrayght:
 With cancred cracks of wrathfull words he keeps the passage strayght.
 That none without disdaine may passe where muses nauie lies,
 But straight on them with ireful mode the scornful God he flies.

8 NOTES OF THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF B. GOOGE.

Since none may scape, I am not he, that can my self assure:
Through surging seas of dñe disdaine my passage to procure.
But am content for to receiue reproche at Momus hand:
Syth none there is, that may the nose of Rhynocere withstand.
The learned wyttes I heare regyure with rigour not to iudge
The common sort I noughe esteme unskilful though they grudge.
Nor few of them can hold theyr peace but finde them selues a doe,
In vewing workes as he that sought, to mende Appelles shoe.
Both sortes I wish if that they would contented to remaine,
And beare the weakeenes of my wit and not therat disdaine.

1561. In this year there appeared the second edition of Googe's translation of the *Zodiacus Vitæ*, containing the first six books, see p. 90, and also the following poem, which Mr. Collier states is not in the first edition.

If Chaucer nowe shoule liue, whose eloquence deuine,
If hath paste ye poete al that came of auncient Brutus lyne,
If Homere here might dwell, whose praise the Grekes resounde,
If Vergile might his yeares renewe, if Ovide myght be founde:
All these myght well be sure theyr matches here to fynde.
So much dothe England florisse now with men of Muses kynde.
Synce these myght find their mates, what shame shall this my ryme
Receave, that thus I publishe here in such a perlous tyme?
A Poet ones therre lyued, and Cherill was hys name:
Who thought of Alexanders actes to make immortal fame.
Bredde vp in Pegase house, of Poetes aunciente blonde:
A thousande verses yll he made, and none but seuen good.
Sythe Homer, Virgile, and the rest maye here theyr matches see:
Lett Cherill not therat disdayne, he shall be matched with me.
For eche good verse he dyd receyue a peece of golde (I trowe)
For eche yll verse the kyngy did bydyde his eare shoule feli a blowe.
Though I presume with him as mate coeguall to remaine:
Yet seake I not herein to be copartener of his gayne.

FINIS.

The above three poems are omitted in all subsequent editions.
The Epitaph on Phaer was probably written before Googe went abroad.

* **WINTER.** It is apparent from the allusions on p. 29, that Googe went towards Spain about this time, leaving these *Eglogs*, &c. in the hands of his friend Blundeston.

1562. **PENTECOST** [MAY 17 &c.] Blundeston writes his poetical preface.— See pp. 28-30.

MAY 27. He writes his prose preface at pp. 26, 27, and leaves all with the printer.

1562-3? WINTER. Googe reaches home from Spain, while Blundeston is away from London. p. 25; on whose return, he is astonished to learn that his poems are in the printers' hands, and the paper provided for the impression. Yielding at length to his friend's persuasion he suffers them to appear: finishing *Cupido's conqueror* as he states at p.

1563. MAR. 15. 25. The printing is therefore finished on 15 March 1563, as stated on the Title at p. 19, and Colophon at p. 128.

APR. 28. A. Neville's translation of Seneca's *Oedipus*, is finished by T. Colwell, who also printed these *Eglogs*, &c.

We now come to the story of Googe's love, troublous courtship and marriage. There are traces at pp. 87, 90 of an earlier and unrequited attachment to Mistress A., previous to his voyage to Spain, but it is his winning of Mary Darrell with which we have now to do. Some preliminary facts must be first touched upon.

What had occurred prior we are unable to say. Only one short poem to Maysresse D[arrell] occurs in this collection (i.e. before March 1563): and that is marked by the most delicate respectfulness: but the strange struggle of the two Kentish families with Cecil and Archbishop Parker came about

in this way. John Lennard, Esq. [b. 1509—d. 12. Mar. 1590. æt. 81] of Chevening, (N.E. of Tunbridge Wells), was a rich prosperous man of 54 years of age, Prothonotary of the Common Pleas, and possessed of many lands and manors in four other counties besides Kent. [Hasted's *Kent.* 359-360. *Ed.* 1778.] His eldest of two sons, Sampson Lennard [b. 1545—d. 20 Sept. 1615] aged 18, was head over ears in love with Mary Darrell. Now the Darrell family, originally from Yorkshire, lived at Scotney, a manor house in Lamberhurst parish, which is the southernmost parish of that county and adjoins Sussex. They were of lesser note and wealth than the Lennards. Thomas Darrell had married twice. By his first wife, he had a daughter: by his second, Mary Roydon, daughter of — Roydon Esq^r of East Peckham, he had one son, Henry: and four daughters, Mary, Googe's sweetheart; Eleanor; Frances; and Margaret. [Hasted's *Kent.* ii. 380. *Ed.* 1782]

Googe had been a long time a visitor at Scotney, certainly before the publication of this work, as the poem above referred to witnesses: but he does not seem to have betrothed himself till the summer of this year. The curious correspondence on this subject opens first with the two following letters from Sir William Cecil, the drafts of which corrected by him, are in the State Paper Office.

1563. Oct. 1. *Mem. of my Master's letters to Mr Lennard for Bar. Googe.*

Mr Lennard I haue ben certifyed by Googe who being my servant is also my kinsman that whereas there hath of late passed an agreement between him and the daughter of Mr Thomas Darrell in Kent as concerning marriage having her friends consent herein as I understand by her fathers letters written vnto him which I have read and being thoroughly at a poynct for all things between them He hath of late by your means been hindered to his great grief as also against all due order of well using whereby he hath declared vnto me that minding to do vnto him so great an iniury your opinion is that he is vtterly destitute of friends and that I make no other account of him but as of one of my men. Whereas I esteeme him as my near kinsman and so he shalbe sure to find me in any reasonable case Wherefore I pray you herrin to vse him no otherwise than one whom I well esteem. I haue seen the letters that haue passed between her father and him as also her own letters whereby the matter is made clear vnto me that she hath fully assured herself vnto him."

Knowing what we do of Sir William Cecil's soundness of judgment: the circumstances must have been very strong in favour of Googe before he could have thus written: and as also in the following letter to Mr Darrell.

"After my very hearty commendations. Where as I understand that Googe my servant hath been a sutor to your daughter moved chiefly as I take it by the virtuous report of her and the friendly entertainment that he found at your hands, as both by his information and certain your letters written to him I understand since he hath so far provided that there hath assurance passed between them evidently to be proved by his allegation and her own letters. These shall be to require you not to go about to break the bond so perfectly knit between them, whereof you have been so long a favorer. Considering that you knew as well his estate for living at the first as at any time since and althoough his living be not great ye shall not need to fear that he lacketh friends and wellwishers. Being both my kinsman and my servant. Thus I require you to show him such friendship as you have done before as you would require any friendship at my hands. I haue thought to haue written to my Lord of Canterbury to have made an end of the matter but I trust my letters to you in this case shall be sufficient."

Mr Lennard's own reply to the Secretary of State's request, is now *Lansdowne MS.* 7. p. 79-83.

1563. Nov. 10. My duety done vnto your honor. Your lettore directed to me touching master Googe was delyvered a moneth after the date thereof to a boye of my howse by a plough boy. The cause not yours but master Googes. I hasted the lesse to sende the answer for lacke of his messenger: The matter not worth my sending saving to

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satisfie you. The effect of your letter is that master Googe hath enformed you that he is hindred by my meanes concerning his mariage with master Darrell his daughter and that my opinion is that he is destitute of frendes and that you accompte not of him but as of one of your men. Ye write further that the matter is made plaine to you by the maides lettres and her fathers which you haue sene and redde that she hath assured her selfe to master Googe: and in asmuche as it hath pleased you so to put the one side, it occasioneth me to offer to you th[e]other to that ende which els I woulde not for the tedyousnes thereof, which may not be shortened.

I priae you double not that I haue good will to pleasure any man of yours muche more your honest kyndesinan. There is cause why I shoulde, you being my good Master. But for this mariage I myght and must haue done with honesty as I did, with reuerence I speake it, though it had touched your sonne or the best subiecte in this Realme.

I knowe not master Googe who as he hath scalaundred me to you for your accompting of him being hidden to me, so vntruely and scornefully he as one that seemeth to haue a whotte hedde and a sickne braine wrote to me this somer past that by the extreme highte of my promysed mountaines master Darrell had altered his mynde from him and for riches sake ment to matche his daughter with my sonne and that frendes of the best which shoulde be able to beare strooke with the best of his aduersaries shoulde do and write in the cause. He hath also mysused me in an other letter the copy is here inclosed. They that knowe him and my sonne thyncke aswell or better of my sonne as of him to all respectes. And there were not cause why I would wylle my son buried. Mountaynes be lyke I promysed none, for master Darrell will confesse that he and his wyfe before master Googes sute, were earnest suters to me and that their daughter was as farwade in desire as woman hedde would gene leue to matche my sonne: and that I never commended but still disabled my sonne to them all thre: and they all thre as fast habiled and commended my sonne.

Master Darrell telleth me that vppon your letter sent to him for master Googe he wrote to you that his promysse his wifes and daughters were past them to me for my sonne before master Googes sute and that the talke which he had with master Googe thereof happened by his mystaking of a letter of myne. He wrote truely to you therein which clereth me.

I had divers talkes with the maide for my sonne in his absence and yet no mo then she was glad of and then delyvered me by her parents. And hereto I call god to witnesse that not withstanding my obieccions (as of purpose to trye her I moued many to longe to be recyted here) that myght haue stayed her from matching with my sonne; so farre was she from a nay that she neuer offred any delay to be my sonnes wif but was most desirous of it in worde and gesture: so that at our last talke, hearynge her mylde and loving answers wyl full consent to haue my sonne who I knowe loved her entierly and therefore I haungi good lyking in me that he shoulde be her husband, nature wrought in me for her to lay my ryght hande on her brest and to speake thus in effecte then *I see that with gods helpe the frute that shall come of this body shall possesse all that I haue, and thererupon I will kyss you.* And so in dede I kyssed her. I gaue her after this, silke for a gowne (she neuer wore none so good), and she in token of her good will gave my sonne a handkercher and in affirmatione of this her father wrote a letter to me by her consent he saith and that he redde the letter to her, the copy is here inclosed that declareth her full consent to be my sonnes wife.

Master Darrell dwelleth from me nere xx myles a way that I never vsed but for this purpose and then in somer and at my comyng thither at Bartholomewetide last I tolde the parents and maide that I hearde say she shoulde haue a husband whereat I merveiled considering the talke that had past betweene vs. They all thre answered me and others for me very often that it was not so and that master Googe was but a suter. To prove that to be true the parents sent me afterward a copy herinclosed of the maides letter sent to master Googe of late wherein she termeth him to be but a suter and prayeth him to leue his sute and the parents still say that he hath

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no holde of her except that by secrete intysement ageinst their wills he hath caught some worde of her, a thynge odious to god and not to be favoured by man.

Now if the talke that she had with me had beene to my sonne it had ben a full contracte but my sonne being absent it is not soo. Yet is it such matter as therewpon he myght the rather be a suter as master Googe is for it is no rare thynge for one woman to haue dyuers suters at ones.

Thus haue I made you a true discourse of all my doings, which I trust you in whose iudgement I durst put all my lande, lyving, and lyfe can not iudge to be ageine any due order of well vsing thoughte by master Googes false informaccion ye write in your lettore to me to be ageinst all due order of well vsing.

I shoule be no geyner by this my sonnes matching but should haue forgone a M marks with matching in as good a stocke in the countrey where I dwell, and sithens suche encumbrance is wrought as I perceyue there ys on the maidens part who as I here wærethin in this case I and my sonne may with honestie geue vp our sute therein for I were to madde to matche my eldest sonne where any entangling is and no stedfastnes at all I pray you thyncke not that I woulde so do as surely I wold not for any treasure in this worlde And so I knytte vpp that thoughte she woulde my sonne surely he will not haue her and I say that he shall not haue her.

Master Googe by fyrske talke with me vppon good cause showed might haue staid my sonnes sute soner then by sawsy letters some sent by ruffians Yf I sought to marry a beggers daughter I wolde therein offer her father no despite. Master Darrell sayeth that master Googe vseth him so evel seeking aide at his ennemys hande in the countrey about him and hath faced him that he wolde tell the Quene of him and that a serauant at armes shoulde fetche his daughter from him and that you shoulde fetche her within a month with a number of other straunge dealings which haue troubled the gentleman muche.

And so I leave to trouble you Wishinge you increase of honor At Chevening the xth of November 1563.

Your serauant assuredly to command I. lennard.

ENDORSED.—To the right honourable and his very good Master Sir William Cecil knyght chefe Secretary to the Quenes maiestie.

Lansdowne MSS. 7. p. 79-83.

The three enclosures of Mr. Lennard's letter are as follows:—

ENCLOSURE A. *The effect of one of master darells letters sent to master Lennard, which as master Darrell yet sayeth he wrate by his daughters consent. And dyd read yt to her and so sent yt to master lennard.*

After my ryght harty commendations etc. presumyng of youre good wyll and goodness towardes my daughter mary; althougle that before yat I moued ye mariage, betwene youre sonne and her I knewe ryght well yat it was my daughters goodwyll and desire to haue it to come to passe: and so moued it by her consent and desire. Yet accordinge to youre godly admonition in youre letter, I haue agayne fully trauayled with her therein: and fynde her moste wylling and desirouse to matche with youre sonne, so yat she is truly master Sampsonnes: who shalbe sure to haue of her a louyng and obedient wife, and you and mastres Lennarde an obedient daughter. And although nature myghte moue my tongue and penne, to say and write muche in fauour of my daughter, yet as god shall iudge me in this case, if I knewe any spotte in her I woulde expresse it to you: she is truly gods serauant, and I trust yat he wyll so preserue her. &c. &c.

Your louyng friend T. Darrell.

ENDORSED.—A copy of ye effect of one of master Darrelles letters, sent to master Lennard.

ENCLOSURE B. *A copy of Marye Darelles letter sent to master Goge.*

After my harty commendations gentle master Googe where you haue binne and yet do continue a Sutor to me in ye waye of maryage whereunto nether presentiye I haue nor I am well assured shall haue, ye good wyll or consent of father nor mother to whome I am both by ye lawe of god and nature bound

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to geue honours and obeyence, and in no wyse wyllyngly to greue or offend them. And do well consider yat my chefe obeyence and dutye towardes them, is to be bestowed in maryage by there consentes, and to there good contention Assuryng my selfe in meditation and thinkyng hereof. hereof yat beyng there obedient chylde and to them most bounden in disobayenge them therein, I shall not only be deprived from yat blessinge, which god hath promised to suche as truly-honor there parentes, but also shalbe assured to fynde and haue ye like disobedience of my chyldren: yf euer god shall geue me any: which by godes grace I wyll eschue. Wherefore I hartely beseche you ientle master Googe, if euer any true loue or goodwyll you haue borne towarde me, cease and leave of from all further sute or meanes to me in this matter, lettyng you to wete yat knowyng my parentes myndes to ye contrarye hereof, I wyll in no wyse match with you in any case. And thus wisshinge to you, in other place to matche accordyng to your own hartes desire, and to youre farre greter aduauncemente, I bid you farewell. From my fathers house at Scotney this thursday the xxth of octobre.

Marye Darell.

ENDORSED.—*A copy of marye Darrells but sent to master Goge, verye latelye.*

ENCLOSURE C.

Ryght worshipfull and my louynge frindes I haue receaued youre letters wherein you write yat you perfectly understand ye hole state of ye case yat hath passed betwene master lennard and youre cosinne mary before my acquaytaunce with her, even so haue I binne certyfied of a pretye laffyng toye as touchyng a precontracte declaryng at full ye sharp inuencyon of master lennarde graue hedd, whereat if old Democritus were now alyue, I would thynke yat he shoule haue iuster cause ta laffe then at his contrymens folly. Ye seame to wyll a meatyng to be had betwene vs, whereunto I with all my hart consent, althothe a number consyderyng my case would not doe, consyderyng the martiall furniture yat hath benne prepared ageynst me, and ye Italyon inuentyonys yat haue binne menaced towardes me, which when ye counsell shal vnderstande, I trust they will not altogether commend. For all this, takyng you to be my verye fryndes, I reioyse to meate you, neither if my aduersaryes should be in commission, would I feare to see them. Of one thyng I must craue pardonne, for not beyng able to meate you on sundaye because I haue sent my manne to ye courte, who wyll retorne on munday as I trust, but whether he do or not, I wyll with godes leaue wayte vpon you at yat daye in hast from Dongeon [or Done gone, a manor house close to Canterbury, at this time the residence of his grandmother Margaret, now a widow of her *third* husband, Sir James Hales, who died in 1558], the xvith of octobre. Youre louynge frynd Barnabe Goge.

ENDORSED.—*A copy of a scornewfull letter written by master Goge, to master George Darrell and master Edward Darrell.*

From all this it is clear that the Darrell parents were basely striving their very utmost to make their daughter Mary give up her true love and to match for money. Here was the girl in grief and dismay notwithstanding the alternate solicitations and threats of her own parents and the attempted hold on her of John Lennard. The matter did not, however, stop with his correspondence. It went before Archbishop Parker, who refers to it in the following letter to Cecil, dated 'thys Saturdaye at night beyng the xxth of Nouembre.'

1563. Nov. 19. "Yt may please your honor to vnderstand that I haue grete cause most humblye to gyue the Queens Maiesty thankes, for the fauor shewed toward my request for the preferment of my chaplen and so like wise I hartely thanke your instancye therein as by your letters I understand. Wherein ye wryght for your cosyn and seruaunt Barnaby Goge to haue his mater heard according to Lawe and equytie) which matter as yesterdaye I haue examined a[d]visedly, having not only the yong Gentlewoman before me to vnderstand of her self the state of the cause, who remayneth fyrmee and stable to

stond to that contract which she hath made, as also her father and mother: whom I find, the most earnest parents against the bargain as I could see.

In fyne I haue sequestered her out of both their handes into the custodye of one Mr. *Tufton* a right honest gentleman. vntyl, the precontract, which is by hir parents alleged for one *Leonards* son, a protonotary be induced. But this maye give occasion to bryng it in to the Arches to spend moneye how be yt I meane to dull that expectation and to go *plane et summarie* to worke, to spare expences, which Mr *Leonard* and the wilful parents wuld fayne incur to wery the yong Gentleman, paraventure not superfluously monyed so to sayle the seas with them." *Lands. MS. 6. p. 130.*

It is thoroughly satisfactory to find that the parental combination broke down, and that at last, though in 1564 or 1565, two such constant lovers became man and wife.

1565. JAN. Googe's final and complete translation of Manzolli's poem appeared. From the *Epistle Dedicatore* to Sir W. Cecil, we extract the following:—

"The favorable accepting of my simple trauayles lately dedicated vnto your honor, hath so much boldened and thorowelye encouraged me, that mawgref the despite of most reprochfull tonges, I haue not feared to finish the course of my long pretended race: with no lesse profite as I trust, vnto a number, than paynefull trauayle vnto my selfe. Wherein if I had knownen at the firste, as much as since I haue perfectly vnderstode, neyther had I as then taken vpon me so great an enterprise, nor since so rudely finished, the translation of so eloquent a Poet. For when I fyrtre began to employ some part of my leasure aboue it, making dilligente inquirie, I could learne of no man that euer had attempted to englisch the same. So that perceyuing my labour to be no hindraunce to any other mans prayse, and lamenting to see so Christian a writer to lie hyd and vnknownen to the ignorant sorte, I thought I shoulde not do amisse, if al that in me lay I bestowed, in the albeit simple and slender, yet saythfull and true translation, of so vertuous a worke. But since I haue certaynely vnderstoode, that when I firste began to fall in hand wythall, three bookees thereof were both eloquently and excellently englisched, by Master Smith, clarke vnto the most honorable of the Queenes Maiesties counsell. Whose doings, as in other matters I haue wyth admiration behelde, so in thys I am well assured I shoulde with an amased minde haue seene: I would that ethyer I had latelier begonne it, or else that he had fallen in hand sooner with it, whereby my grosse and homely style might haue bene no hindrance to the fruities of so pure a penne. But since it was my fortune, so blindly to venture vpon it, I truste my trauayle shall never the more be enuied. I could not (when I had long debated ye matter with myselfe) finde out a Poet more meete for the teaching of a Christian life (an estate in these oure dayes most miserably decayed) than this no lesse learned than famous Italion: *Marcellus Pallingenius*, a man of such excellent learning and Godly life, that neither ye vnquietnesse of his time (Italie in those dayes raging wyth most cruell and bloody warres), ne yet the furious tyranny of the Antichristian Prelate (vnder whose ambicious and Tirannicall gouernaunce he continually liued) coulde once amase the *Muse*, or hinder the zealous and vertuous spirit of so Christian a Souldiour. I haue many times much mused wyth my self, howe (liuing in so daungerous a place) he durst take vpon him so boldly to controll the corrupte and vnchristian lives of the whole Colledge of contemptuous Cardinals, the vngracious ouerseeings of bloudthyrsty Bishops, the Panchplyng practises of pelting Priours, the manifold madnesse of mischeuous Monkes, wyth the filthy faternitie of flattering Friers. Which surely he durst never haue done, but onely that he was heartened wyth a happy and heauenly spirite. Which notable audacie of his was wonderfully reuenged by the malicious hands of such as felte themselves fretted with his spiritual corsey. For when they had no power to execute their tyrannie vpon his innocent body in time of his life, their mischieuous malice was no whit ashamed to consume with fyre the blamelesse bones of so vertuous a man: yea and that a great while after his death. Besides the reproving of the leud liues of the Clergie, he boldly inueyed agaynst

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the gracesesse gouernance of proud pompos Princes, ye licencious living of the riotous nobilitie, the couetous catchings of greedy Lawyers, the vngodly gaynes of foolish Physitians, and the corrupted consciences of deceyful Artificers: affirming playnly, that if they did not better beautify their christian names with a more christian life, of so many thousands as haue in vaine receiued that most holy sacrament of sacred Baptisme, there should scarce three aspire vnto the inheritance of Heauenly ioyes. What doth your honor suppose this man would haue written? Vnto how great a volume doe you think his works would haue amounted, if so that GOD had appoynted him to florish at this present time in England, wheras pitifully raigneth such monstrous and horrible pride, such cancerd and spiteful malice, such false and fayned friendships, such lack of loue and charity, such professing of God in words, and denying him in works, as doubtlesse is not to be found among the faythlesse Turks, miscreant Sarazens, or superstitious Jewes? . . .

I would therfore wish that we should not to much presume of the securite obtayned by a Christian name, but that we should wyth our endeouour apply our selues to shew such fruits as duetie requireth in the followers of Christe. Whereby we shoule not only preuayle agaynst our enemies, and stoppe the mouthes of our slanderous aduersaries, but also enjoy a blessed and happy tranquillity in this worlde, and be assured to obtayne the promised pleasures in the worlde to come. For the teachinge whereof, I know no man that hath so much trauayled and perfectly profyted, as hath this Poet, which here present vnto your honor.

1570. Googe's translation of Kirchmeyer's poem appears dedicated to Queen Elizabeth, under the title of *The Popish Kingdome or reigne of Antichrist*.

1572. Oct. 18. Dame Hales, Googe's maternal grandmother dies.

There are no less than twenty autograph letters of Googe between these years in the State Paper Office calendered under S. P. Domestic. *Ireland*. Googe--who held the patent of Provost Marshal to the Court of Connaught--was sent over by Lord Burleigh to watch Irish affairs. Most of these letters will be found in the life of Googe contributed by Mr. Pinkerton to *Notes and Queries*. 3rd S. iii.

1576. He published a revised text of his translation of the *Zodiacus vite*.

1577. He published a translation from the Latin of the *Four Bokes of Husbandrie* of Conrad Heresbachius. The preface is dated Kingston [upon Hull?] January 1577.

1578. A second edition of this book appeared.

1579. He supplied a prose address to B. Rich's *Allarme to England*.

1579. He published a translation from the Spanish of *The Proverbs of Inez Lopez de Mendoza, Marquis of Santillana*.

1586. A third edition of his revision of Heresbachius appears.

1588. A second edition of his revised text of his translation of Palingenius appeared.

T. Warton, *Hist. of E. P.* states on authority of the Coxeter MSS. that Googe also translated Aristotle's *Categories*.

I am indebted to Mr. C. Bridger, Hon. Member of the Soc. of Ant. of Newcastle, for the following information respecting Googe's death.

1594. FEB. Barnabee Goche of Alvingham, co. Lincoln. Esq. Inq. post, mort. taken at Lowth 6 Oct. 36. Eliz: died circa 7 Feb. 36. Eliz: Matthew Goche his son and heir then 28 years old.

FEB. 16. Barnabas Goche of Alvingham, co. Lincoln. Administration granted to Mary Goche his relict. *Perrog. Ct. of Cant.*

INTRODUCTION.

HHe continuity of the Art of Poesy in this country has been unbroken from the time of Chaucer to our own day. Not that great or even considerable Poets have overlapped one another in a continuous succession: but there have never wanted those who, according to the gift that was in them, have perpetually represented by their Song, beauty of expression, refinement of ideas, ethereality of fancy, vigour of satire, or the passion and merriment of human life. During no portion of this time has England been wholly destitute of true Poetry, or barren of real 'makers.'

2. In comparison with the literary splendour and glory that crowned the last days of Elizabeth, the early years of her reign might seem poor and stunted in mind. But it is only with *such* a comparison; one which also dwarfs not only earlier but later ages. Actually, the first two decades of this reign are a general advance in this branch of literature on the two previous reigns, and more especially exhibit a sharp rebound from the oppressiveness of the government of Philip and Mary.

Therefore, just as we delight to search out the fountain head, and to trace the early streamlets of a mighty river which, in its full strength, may carry on its bosom world of wealth for the use and pleasure of man; so it behoves us closely to scan these first buddings of a free literature in the genial spring-tide of the new Queen's reign; now that the furious storms of religious and intellectual oppression had passed away: and so to trace out the works of that race of writers who were the heralds, the forerunners, the teachers of Spenser,

Shakespeare, and Johnson, and their glorious phalanx of contemporary poets.

We have said 'general' advance, because Tottel's *Miscellany* of 1557 is, in its varied excellence, the substantive beginning of modern English verse. Yet that collection represents the poetical gleanings of three entire reigns, and is exceptional from the general literature of the time in which it was printed. But with the new Queen poesy came into fashion, and almost all the young gentlemen of the Inns of Court tried their prentice hands at it.

3. As in spring-tide we gather flowers rather than fruits, so in this earlier literature we must look for imperfect Assays rather than finished Masterpieces. Most modern literatures have commenced with translations, imitations, and the like. At this time there was quite a rage for translating. The riches of old classical thought and style; the charms of Italian and Spanish fiction; history, morals, tragedies, romances both in prose and verse; with translated poems, constituted the staple of English polite literature at this time. With this there was the constant accretion of *The Mirrour for Magistrates*, and also, though not to any large extent, original lighter verse, as in the present work and also George Turberville's *Epitaphes, Epigrams, Songs, and Sonets*, of which there are believed to have been three editions by 1570; of the earliest of which no copy is at present known.

4. Associating with many of these translators, himself distinguished for his English version of Manzolli's *Zodiacus Vitæ*, Barnabe Googe, a young gentleman of 20 to 23 years of age, fresh from college, wrote for his private delectation most of the contents of this Reprint. How his friend Blundeston sent what he had written to the 'poor printer,' with two prefaces of his own, about

Whitsuntide 1562, and how Googe in 1563 came at length to acquiesce in their completion and publication, is sufficiently told by themselves in the prefaces, and need not be here repeated.

5. It is noteworthy that there was a general habit about this time of cutting the long twelve or fourteen syllable line into two, so that the rhyme only occurs on the second and fourth lines. This is noticeable in the early translations of Seneca between 1500-1560, by Jasper Heywood, Alexander Neville (a contributor also to this volume), John Studley, Thomas Nuce, and Thomas Newton, as also in the poetical works of George Turberville and others. The sole reason for this would seem to have been to print on a small page of paper; for in some of these works poems do occasionally occur in smaller type with such lines at full length.

6. In the story of English literature this most rare volume occupies an important place from its epitaphs of Phaer and Grimaold, both of them translators; and its Sonnets to Dean Nowell, Bishop Bale, and Richard Edwards 'of the Chappel.' Some of these have been printed by Mr. Collier in his *Bibliographical Catalogue*; but the work, as a whole, has never been printed since 15th March 1563. Cordial thanks are due and tendered to Mr. Huth for the loan of his copy for this edition.

7. This small Collection is also interesting as being to a large extent native verse, though on the Italian model. It was undoubtedly in much superinduced by Tottel's *Miscellany*, to which it is in nature and quality the next in time; being itself succeeded by Turberville's *Epitaphs, Epigrams, &c.*, and that by a succession of similar works, until the appearance of Francis Davison's *Poetical Rhapsody* of 1602.

8. One very noticeable feature of Googe's compositions in this volume is his earnest Protestantism. He had known some good Shepheards Daphnes or Alexis, that had flamed in the fire of the Maryan persecution. Almost all his publications are strongly anti-Romanist. Taught by the Reformers of Edward VI.'s time, horrified at the cruelties of Mary's reign; Googe represents both the intellectual and moral hatred of the young educated Englishmen of that time of the entire Papal system.

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1. 1563. London. 1 vol. 8vo. 88 leaves.

There appear to have been printed two title-pages to this work.

Of the three copies known, two are those in the collection of Mr. Huth, and in the Capel collection at Trinity College, Cambridge, have the title as on the opposite page; while Mr. W. C. Hazlitt describes, in his *Handbook of Pop. Lit.*, Ed. 1867, the title of Mr. Heber's copy, now in the collection of Mr. S. Christie-Miller, at Britwell, thus:

Eglogs, Epytaphes, and Sonettes by Barnabe Googe. COL. Imprynted at London in S. Brydes-Churchyarde, by Thomas Colwell, for Raufe Newbery; and are to be sold at his shop in Fletestreet, a little above the conduit 1563. 15 die Mensis March.

It is also to be noted that the first two also vary between themselves at the beginning of *Egloga Septima*: see p. 56.

Issues since the Author's death.

I.—*As a separate publication.*

2. 1871. DEC. 1. *English Reprints*: see title on p. 1.

Egloggs

*Epytaphes, and Sonettes.
Newly written by
Barnabe Googe:*

1563.

15. Marche.

CImpryned at London, by
Thomas Colwell, for Rasse
Newbery, dwelyng in
Fleetstrete a litle a-
bove the Conduit
in the late shop
of Thomas
Bartelet.

¶ *Alexander Neuyl.*

He Mountaines hie the blustryng winds
 The fluds : ye Rocks withstand
 The Cities strong, the Cannons shot,
 and threatening Cheiftains hand.
 The Castels houge by longe beseyge,
 and dredfull battye brooke, [thumps
 Bothe fyre, and flames, and thundrynge
 and euery deadly stroke,
 With feruent brolyng furious rage,
 doth beate, and dryue to groun
 The long defenced wals by force,
 and throughly them confound.
 Ryght so thy Muse (O worthy *Googe.*)
 thy pleasaunt framed style
 Discouerd lyes to momish Mouthes
 Reprochfull tongs and vyle
 Diffaming minds. Regard them not.
 preas thou for hygher prayse.
 Submit thy selfe to persons graue,
 whose Iudgement ryght alwayes
 By Reason rulde doth ryghtly iudge,
 whom Fancies none can charme,
 Which in the most Inconstant brains,
 are chyefly wont to swarne.
 Whom no defyre of fylthy gayne,
 whom lucre none can moue
 From truth to stray. Such men esteame,
 Such such embrace and loue.
 On such men stay thy tender years,
 such Patrons seeke to chuse.
 Which taught by Tyme, and practisde Prooфе
 vprightest iudgement vse.
 But as for those Crabsnowted bestes
 those ragyng feends of Hell.
 Whose vyle, malicious, hatefull mindes,
 with boylyng Rancour swell.

Which puse with Pryde, enflam'd with spight,
 and drownd in deape disdain :
 Lyke *Momus* monstros broode outright
 euen of a ielows Brayn
 With curious, canckard, carping mouthes,
 most famous dedes diffame,
 Defacing those whose labours great,
 Deferue immortall name.
 Such crabfaced, cankerd, carlish chuffs
 within whose hatefull brestes,
 Suche Malice bydes, suche Rancour broyles,
 such endles Enuy rests
 Esleame thou not. No preiudice
 to thee : nor yet oprest,
 Thy famous wrytynges are by them.
 Thou lyuest and euer shalt.
 Not all the flaundryng tonges aliuie,
 may purchase blamie or fault
 Vnto to thy name (O worthy *Googe.*)
 No tyme, no fyrye flame
 Not all the furies frettyng Force,
 Thy doynges may dyffame.
 Let them in broyle of burning spight,
 continuall Toyle sustayne
 Let them fele scourging Plags of mind
 Let euer duryng payne,
 Spred through their poisoned vaines.
 with payse of dedly waight : Let Care
 Oppresse theyr vyle infected Harts,
 with stynging Malyce fraught.
 Let them destroy them selvs in Time.
 In Rancour let them boyle.
 Let mortall hate, let pynching gryefe,
 let flamynge tormentys broyle,
 Within theyr greuous vexed brests,
 for euermore to dwell
 Let them fele Enuies cursed force,
 (consumyng Feend of Hell.)

Defye them all. *μισᾶνθρωποι*
 and squynteyd Monsters ryght
 They are. In fyne leue Sow to swill
 and Chuff to canckerd Spyght.
 But thou procede in vertuous dedes,
 and as thou haste begon,
 Go forward stylly to aduaunce thy fame
 Lyfes Race halfe ryghtly ron
 Farre easyer tis for to obtain,
 the Type of true Renowne.
 Like Labours haue been recompensit
 with an immortall Crowne.
 By this doth famous *Chaucer* lyue,
 by this a thoufande moore
 Of later yeares. By this alone
 the olde renowmed Stoore
 Of Auncient Poets lyue. By this
 theyr Praife, aloft doth mownt.
 Vnto the Skyes: and equall is
 with Stars aboue. Account
 Thy selfe then worthy of the lyke,
 yf that thou doste proceade
 By famous deds thy Fame to enhaunce
 and name abroade to spreade.
 With Courage stout than through the thikke
 thou needst not for to feare.
 Nor he that sayth, but he that doth,
 ought *Gloryes* Garlands weare.
 Thus shalt you stylly augment thy name,
 and wyn the hyghe Renowne,
 And present Prayfe, in present Lyfe,
 and after Death a Crowne
 Of Honour, that for euer lasts.
 immortall *Fame* in fyne.
 To whose reward, thy faithfull Frend
 doth wholly the refyngne.

¶ *Finis.*

[On the next page in the original Edition, are the arms of Barnabe Googe.]

To the ryght worship=
full M. William Louelace
Esquier, Reader of Grayes
Inne: (Barnabe Googe)
wyssheth health.



Owe lothe I haue ben, beyng of long tyme earnestlye requyred, to suffer these tryfles of mine to come to light: It is not vnknownen to a greate nombre of my famyliar acquaintaunce. Who both dayly and hourely moued me therunto, and lytell of long tyme preuayled therin. For I both confydered and wayed with my selfe, the grosenes of my Style: whiche thus commytted to the gafyng shewe of euery eyeshuld forth with disclose yemanifest foly of the Writer, and also I feared and mistrusted the disdaynfull myndes of a nombre both scornefull and carpyng Correctours, whose Heades are euer busyed in taunting Iudgementes. Least they shuld otherwyse interprete my doyngs than in deade I meant them. These two so great mischieves vtterly diswaded me from the folowyng of my frendes perswasions, and wylled me rather to condem them to continuall darernes, wherby no Inconuenience could happen: than to endaunger my selfe in gyuyng them to lyght, to the disdaynfull doome of any offended mynde. Notwithstandinge all the dylygence that I could vse in the Suppression therof coulde not suffise for I my selfe beyng at that tyme oute of the Realme, lytell fearyng any suche thyng to happen. A very Frende of myne, bearyng as it seemed better wyll to my doynges than respecting the hazarde of my name, commytted them all togyther vnpolyshed to the

handes of the Prynter. In whose handes durynge his absence from the Cytie, tyll his retурne of late they remayned. At whiche tyme, he declared the matter wholly vnto me: shewyng me, that beyng so farre past, and Paper prouyded for the Impression therof: It coulde not withoute great hynderaunce of the poore Printer be nowe reuoked. His sodayne tale made me at ye fyrst, vtterly amazed, and doubting a great while, what was best to be done: at the lengthe agreyng both with Necessytie and his Counsell, I sayde with *Martiall. iam sed poteras tutior esse domi.* And calling to mynde to whom I myght chieflye commyt the fruytes of my smiling muse: sodaynly was cast before my eyes the perfect vewe of your frendly mynd (gentle Maister Louelace) Vnto whom for the nombred heapes of fundrye Frendshyps, accountynge my selfe as bounde, I haue thought best to gyue them, (not doubtyng) but that they shalbe as well taken, as I do presently meane them.

Defyrynge you herein, as all suche as shall reade them especiallye to beare with the vnpleasaunt forme of my to hastely fynyshed Dreame, the greater part wherof with lytle aduyfe I lately ended, becaufe the beginnyng of it, as a seneles head separated from the body was gyuen with the rest to be prynted. And thus defyrynge but for recompence the frendly re-ceyuyng of my slender Gyfte, I ende: wyshynge vnto you good Mayster Louelace in this life the happye enioyeng of prosperous yeares: and hereafter the blessed estate of neuer ceafyng Ioye.

Yours assuredly
Barnabe Googe.

[Hereafter follows on the next page the original Edition, a rough woodcut of *Daphnes and Amintas.*]

¶ L. Blundeston *to the Reader.*



O creepe into thy faouure (good Reader) with a longe paynted Preamble in prayse of this Auctor, I account it as vain. The Sonne Beames gyues light sufficient. To moue thy Affection with forerepromyfed pleasure in reading the volume, I think it as Booteles. Gold is of self force and vertue to draw the desire. But with flowers of Rethorique fyrist to delyght the, or with Pythy Reasons .to wynne thy good wyll and frendlye Reporte for this my attempte: yf suche tropes and signes were flowing in me to perfwade wel thy faouur or so muche Discrecion wantyng in the to neglecte my good meanyng, I would eyther enforce my self to vse a better kynde of perfwasion or els withdrawe my good wyll from the Sentence of so carpyng and slender a Iudgement: but as I haue felte no fluddes of the one, so likewyse I see no Ebbes of the other, that if I weare no more barrygnye of the fyfste, then fearefull of the laste: I woulde be then no more sparynge to horde vp my Treasure from the: then I trust to fynd the vnthankfull now in takyng this Present from me, which not onely to shewe my good wyll, (as my Preface discourses more largely) by preseruyng the worthy Fame, and Memorye of my deare frende M. Googe in his absence I haue presumed more bouldely to hazard ye pryntyng heareof, though this maye suffyce to excuse well my enterpryse, but also to styrre vp thy Pleasure

and further thy proffit by readyng these his workes, whiche here I haue Puplyshed [? Publyshed]: openly vnto thee. And so (beyng vnstored my selffe) I seake to fatesfie thy learned or willyng desyre with other mens trauaeiles. But wheare the power fayleth the will may suffice, the gyuer, not the gyft is to be regarded: preferre Colonus Radyfhe roote before the Courtiers barbed horse.

Accept my goodwyll and way not the valew, so shalt thou bynd me if power (as it is vnlikely, maye aunswere hearafter my meanyng, to gracie thee with the whole fruits of myne owne indeuour and so shalt thou encourage others to make the partaker of the like or farre greater Iewels who yet doubtyng thy vnthankefull receypte nigardly keape them to their own vse and priuat commoditie, whear as beyng assured of the contrarye by thy frendly report of other mens trauayles, they coulde parhappes be easely entreated more frely to lend them abroad to thy greater auayle and furtheraunce. Thus therfore to thy good or euill taking I put foorth this paterne for others to follow in weightyer matters or els to beware by other mens harms, in keaping their names vnreproued by sylence.

¶ From my Chambre,
the. xxvii. of Maye.

1562.

¶ *The Preface of L. Blundeston.*



HE Sences dull of my appalled muse
 Foreweryed with the trauayle of my brayne
 In scannynge of the argued Bookes diffuse,
 And darke for me the glimeryng fyght
 to gayne,
 Debated long what exerfyce to vse,
 To fyle the edgeles partes of Wit agayne
 To clenfe the Heade from sleapy humours
 flyme.
 To rouse the Hart from drowsye Dreames
 in time.

The mind defyres to brek from thoughtful denne
 And time requyres the painted felds to vewe.
 The Eye procures to please the Fancie then
 With fieldish fightes of diuers colours newe.
 The smelling likes the sauour swete of them.
 The Eare agrees the pleasaunt laye anewe
 Of Byrds to here. Thus these do all contrayue,
 With this disporte the Spirits to reuyue.

But Fancie then, by ferche of selfe deuyse,
 Renouncynge thus to spende the pleasaunt Maye
 So vainly out with sport of fruteles Pryce
 Found out at length, this practyse for my playe,
 To penne in Verse, the toyes of her deuise,
 To pas this tyme of Pentecoste awaye
 Whose ydle dayes, shewld me thus to spende.
 And publish forth her doings in the ende.

Quod Reason no, (and brake her tale begon,
 Wilt thou presume, lyke Bayarde blynd to presse,
 Into the throng of all the lookers on
 Whose vewyng eyes, will wey thy wisdom lesse.

To se the threde of all thy workes yll spon
 Drawen out at length, vnto the comon gesse,
 Then if thou shuldst keepe to thy selfe thy clewe
 Where none thy works befydes thy self may vew

With this rose vp, from oute her Seate behynde,
 Dame Memorye, and Reason thus besought.
 Since Lady chiefe of vs thou art affygnde
 To rule and temper all my secrete thought
 And to restrane affections Fancie blynde,
 Let me entreat if I may perce the ought,
 For to prefent a Solace very fytle
 Our Sences dull with chaunged Muse to whet,

Lo here the Eye a Paper bunche doth se
 Of fyled worke of Googes flowing Heade,
 Lefte here behynde, when hence he past from me,
 In all the stormes that Winter blastes bespreade
 Through swellyng Seas and loftye mountains hye
 Of Pyrenei the pathes vnknownen to tredae.
 Whose great good wyll I kepe, and in his place
 His Verses craue to represent his face.

Vnfolde the trusse therfore and yf the Muse
 Be fotted so with this graue Study past
 In so short space, or if we feke to chuse
 To prynt our actes in safetie at the last
 Ceafe of a whyle this Labor and peruse
 These Papers left of suche delyghting taste
 And put in prynt these workes of worthy Skyll
 So shall we shewe the fruytes of our good wyll.

This Fancie lykte, imagynyng aryght
 Of her owne Ioye in hearyng of his Verse
 And pleasaunt Style, most pythyly endyght
 whose Fame forth blowen, his deds could wel reherse
 But for to paynt my name in open fight
 with others Stiffe, this wold she sayne reuerse,
 And thinkes I shoulde in others Plumes so show
 My selfe, to be a feconde Efops Crowe.

But after when the Eye had vewed eche Lyne.
 That Googe had pend and left behynde with me,
 when Memorye could all the effect refyngne,
 To Reasons Skyll, to weye them as they lye.
 with long reherfe of tryed Fayth by tyme
 Then Fancie foone her Pryde, began to plye
 And all receyued muche pleasure to the Mynde
 More profitte farre then Fancye had affygnde.

And Fancie thus her selfe with blusyng face,
 Condemned by Dame Reasons dome deuyne
 To se th[e]alluryng Style the cumly grace,
 The sappye Sence of this his passyng Ryme,
 So farre furmountynge her Inuention base,
 And hearyng of his frendlynes in fyne
 whiche Memorye her Storehouse held full faste
 Allowed well theyr Judgements at the laste.

Since euerye Sence did wonted strength renue,
 The Blud congeld, recoured to his place
 The wyt benomd brought to their proper quue
 The Hart opprest with old delighting grace,
 Vnburdend nowe and puft with pleasure newe
 By takyng of this Booke the vewyng gafe.
 They all at ons Good wyll nowe calde vpon,
 To wrest her selfe to quyght these works anon.

Thus pushte I forth strayghte to the Printers hande
 These Eglogs, Sonets, Epytaphes of men
 Vnto the Readers Eyes for to be skande,
 with Prayfes fuche as is due vnto them
 who absent nowe theyr Master may commende,
 And feade his Fame what soeuer sayleth him,
 Gyue Googe therfore his owne deserued Fame,
 Giue Blundeston leue to wysh wel to his name :

¶ *Finis.*

Egloga prima.

Daphnes.

Amintas.

Yth *Phebus* now begins to flame,
O frende *Amintas* deare:
And placed hath his gorgeous *globe*
in midste of all the Spheare
And from ye place doth cast his Beames,
where (they that starres defyne)
Lyes poynt (doo faye) that termed is,
ryght Equinoctial lyne.
wheras the Ram doth cause to spring,
eche herbe and floure in fytelde
And forceth ground (yat spoyld of grene
Did lye,) newe grene to yelde.
Let shepherds vs yelde also tales,
as best becommes the tyme:
Such tales as Winter stormes haue stayde
in countrey Poets Ryme.
Begyn to synge *Amintas* thou,
for why? thy wyt is best:
And many a faged fawe lies hyd
within thine aged brest.
Ofte haue I heard, of Shephards old,
thy fame reported true,
No Herdman liues: but knowes the praise,
to olde *Amintas* due:
Begyn therfore, and I gyue eare,
for talke doth me delyght,
Go Boye: go dryue the Beastes to fede
whyle he his mynde refyght.

Amin. Thy prayses *Daphnes* are to great,
 and more for me than meete :
 Nor euer I, suche faged sawes,
 could syngē in Veres fweete.
 And now, to talke of spring time tales
 my heares to hoare, do growe,
 Suche tales as these, I tolde in tyme,
 when youthfull yeares dyd flowe.
 But synce, I can not the denye,
 thy Fathers loue doth bynde :
 In symple Songe I wyll adreffe
 my selfe, to shewe my minde.
 Longe hast thou *Daphnes* me requyred
 the state of Loue to tell,
 For in my youth, I knewe the force,
 and passions all, full well.
 Nowe Loue therfore I wyll define,
 and what it is declare,
 which way poore souls it doth entrap
 and howe it them doth snare.
 My Boie, remoue my beasts from hens
 and dryue them farther downe,
 Vpon the Hylles, let them go feade,
 that ioyne to yender towne,
 O Cupyde kynge of fyerye Loue,
 ayde thou my syngynge Verse,
 And teache me heare the cause and case,
 Of Louers to reherse,
 Direct my tong, in trothe to treade,
 with Furye fyll my brayne,
 That I may able be to tell,
 the cause of Louers payne.
 Opinions diuers coulde I shewe,
 but chiefest of them all,
 I wyll declare : and for the rest,
 with silence leauue I shall.
 A feruent Humour, (some do iudge)
 within the Head doth lye,

Which yffuyng forth with poysoned beames
doth ron from eye to eye :
And taking place abrode in heads,
a whyle doth fymely rest :
Till Phrensie framde in Fancie fond,
discends from hed, to brest.
And poison strong, from eies outdrawn
doth perce the wretched harte,
And all infectes the bloud aboute,
and boyles in euery parte :
Thus : when the beames, infected hath,
the woffull Louers blud :
Then Sences al, do strayght decaye,
oppref特 with Furyes flud.
Then Lybertie withdrawes her self,
and Bondage beares the fwaye,
Affection blynd then leades the hart,
and Wyt, is wownde awaye.
O *Daphnes* then, the paines appeare,
and tormentes all of hell.
Then sekes, the felye wounded soule,
the flames for to expell.
But all to late, alas he stryues,
for Fancie beares the stroke
And he, must toyle (no helpe there is)
in flauyshe feruyle yoke.
His blud corrupted all within,
doth boyle in euery wayne,
Than sekes he howe to fewe for falue
that maye redresse his payne.
And when the face, he doth beholde
by whiche he shulde haue ayde,
And fees no helpe, then lookes he long,
and trembleth all afraide.
And museth at the framed shape,
that hath his lyfe in handes :
Nowe fast he flies, aboute the flames,
nowe styll amased standes :

Egloga

Yet Hope reliues, his hurtful Heate
 and Wyll doth Payne make lyght,
 And al the grieses, that then he feeles
 doth Presence styll requyght.
 But when the Lyght absented is,
 and Beames in hart remayne,
 Then flames the Fyre fresh agayne,
 and newe begyns his Payne.
 Then longe he lookes, his losse to se,
 then fobbes, and fyghes abounde,
 Then mourneth he, to mys the marke
 that erst to foone he founde.
 Then shadefull places oute he lookes,
 and all alone he lyues,
 Exylyng Ioye, and myrth from him,
 hymselfe to waylynge gyues,
 And styll his minde theron doth muse
 and styll, therof he prates,
 O *Daphnes* here I swere to the,
 no grieve to Louers state.
 Yf he but ones beholde the place,
 where he was wont to mete,
 The pleasaunt forme yat hym enflamd,
 and ioyfull Countnaunce swete.
 The place (a wonderous thing I tell)
 his gryefe augmenteth newe,
 Yet styll he sekes the place to se,
 that moste he shulde eschewe.
 Yf but the name rehearsed be
 (a thynge more straunge to heare)
 Then Colour commes and goes in haft
 then quaketh he for feare,
 The verye name, hath such a force,
 that it can dase the mynde,
 And make the man amasde to stande,
 what force hath Loue to bynde?
 Affection none to this is lyke,
 it doth furmownt them all,

Of greiffes, the greatest greif no doubt
is to be *Venus* thrall,
And therfore, *Daphnes* nowe beware,
for thou art yonge, and fre,
Take heade of vewyng faces longe,
for losse of Lybertye,
I shall not nede (I thynke) to byd
the, to detest the Cryme,
Of wycked loue, that *Ioue* did vse,
In *Ganimedes* tyme,
For rather wolde I (thoo it be muche)
that thou shuldest feake the fyre,
Of lawfull Loue, that I haue tolde,
than burne wyth fuche defyre,
And thus an end, I weryed am,
my wynde is olde, and faynt,
Suche matters I, do leauue to fuche,
as finer farre can paint,
Fetche in the Gote: that goes astraye,
and dryue hym to the folde,
My yeares be great I wyl be gone,
for spryngtyme nyghts be colde.

Daphnes. Great thankes to the, for this thy tale,
Amintas here I gyue:
But neuer can I make amendes
to the whilste I do lyue.
Yet for thy paynes (no recompence)
a smal rewarde haue here.
A whistle framed longe ago,
wherwith my father deare
His ioyfull beasts, was wont to kepe.
No Pype for tune so swete
Might shepharde euer yet posses.
(a thynge for the full mete.)

Egloga secunda.

Dametas.



Y beasts, go fede vpon ye plaine,
and let your herdman lye,
Thou feest her mind, and fearst you nowe,
Dametas for to dye?
Why stayest you thus? why dost you stay
thy lyfe to longe doth laste:
Accounte this flud, thy fatall graue,
syth time of hope is paste.
What meanst thou thus to linger on?
thy life wolde fayne departe,
Alas: the wounde doth fester stylle,
of cursed Cupids darte.
No salue but this, can helpe thy sore,
no thyng can moue her minde
She hath decreed, that thou shalt dye,
no helpe there is to finde.
Nowe syth there is, no other helpe,
nor ought but this to trye,
Thou feest her mind: why fearste thou than?
Dametas for to dye.
Long hast thou serued, and serued true,
but all alas, in vayne,
For she thy seruyce, nought estemes,
but deales the grieve for gayne.
For thy good wyll, (a gaye rewarde)
Disdayne, for Loue she gyues,
Thou louest her while thy life doth last,
she hates the, w[h]ile she liues.
Thou flamste, when as you feest her face
with Heate of hye desyre,
She flames agayne, but how? (alas)
with depe disdaynfull Ire.
The greatest pleasure is to the,
to se her voyde of Payne,

The greatest gryefe to her agayne,
to se thy Health remayne.
Thou couetste euer her to fynde,
she fekes from the to flye,
Thou seest her mynd, why fearst thou than ?
Dametas for to dye ?
Doste thou accounte it best to kepe,
thy lyfe in sorrowes styll ?
Or thynkste thou best it now to lyue,
Contrarye to her wyll ?
Thynkste thou thy lyfe for to retaine ?
when she is not content,
Canste thou addicte : thy selfe to lyue ?
and she to murder bent.
Doste thou entende agayne, to fewe
for mercye at her handes ?
As foone thou mayst go plow ye rocks,
and reape vpon the Sandes.
Draw nere O mighty Herd of beasts
syth no man els is bye,
Your Herdman longe that hath the you kept,
Dametas now must dye.
Resolute your Brutifshe eies to teares
and all togyther crye,
Bewayle the wofull ende of Loue,
Dametas nowe must dye.
My pleasaunt Songs, nowe shall you here
no more on Mountaines hye,
I leauie you all, I must be gone.
Dametas nowe must dye :
To *Titirus* I you refyne,
in Pasture good to lye,
For *Titirus* shall kepe you thoughe,
Dametas nowe must dye.
O cursed Cause, that hath me slayne,
My trothe alas to trye,
O Shephardes all, be Wytnesses,
Dametas here doth dye.

Finis Eglogæ secundæ.

Egloga tertia.

Menalcas.

Coridon.



Pleasaunt wether *Coridon*,
and fytle to kepe the fyelde,
This moone hath brought, heurst you the birds
what ioyfull tunes they yeld?
Loe: how the lustie lambes do course,
whom spring time heate doth pricke
Beholde againe, the aged Yewes,
with bouncinge leapes do kicke,
Amon[g]st them all, what ayles thy ramme,
to halte so muche behynde,
Some sore mischaunce, hath him besalfn
or els some grieve of minde,
For wonte he was, of stomacke stoute
and courage hye to be,
And looked proude, amongst ye flocke,
and none so stout as he.
Cor. A great mishap, and grieve of mynde,
is him besalfne of late,
Which caufeth him, against his wyll,
to lose his olde estate.
A lustie flocke hath *Titirus*,
that him *Dametas* gaue,
Dametas he, that *Martir* died,
whose soule the heauen[n]s haue,
And in this flocke, full many Yewes
of pleasaunte forme do goe,
with them a mighty Ramme doth ronne,
that workes all Woers woe.
My Ramme, when he the pleasaunt dames,
had vewed rounde aboute,

Chose grounde of battayle, with his foe
and thought to fyght it oute.
But all to weake, (alas) he was,
althoughe his harte was good,
For when his enemye him espied,
he ranne with cruell moode.
And with his crooked weapon smote,
hym sore vpon the syde,
A blowe of force, that stayde not there
but to the legges dyd glyde.
And almoste laamd the woer quyte.
(suche happes in loue there be :)
This is the cause, of all his grieve
and waylynge that you se.
Well *Coridon* let hym go halte,
and let vs both go lye,
In yonder busshe of Iuniper,
the Beasts shall fede hereby.
A pleasaunt place here is to talke:
good *Coridon* begyn,
And let vs knowe the Townes estate,
that thou remaynest in.

¶. The Townes estate? *Menalcas* oh
thou makste my harte to grone,
For Vice hath euery place posseste,
and Virtue thence is flowne.
Pryde beares her selfe, as Goddesse chiefe
and boastes aboue ye Skye,
And Lowlynes an abiecte lyes,
with Gentlenes her bye,
Wyt is not ioynde with Symplenes,
as she was wont to be,
But sekes the ayde of Arrogance,
and craftye Polycie.
Nobyltie begyns to fade,
and Carters vp do sprynge,
Then whiche, no greater plague can hap,
nor more pernicious thyng.

Egloga

Menalcas I haue knownen my selfe,
 within this thyrtye yeare,
 Of Lordes and Auncient Gentelmen
 a hundredth dwellynge theare,
 Of whom we Shephardes had relief
 suche Gentlenes of mynde,
 Was placed in theyr noble Hartes,
 as none is nowe to fynde.
 But Hawtynes and proude Disdayne
 hath nowe the chiese Estate,
 For syr Iohn Straw, and syr Iohn Cur,
 wyll not degenerate.
 And yet, they dare account them selues
 to be of Noble bludde.
 But Fishe bred vp, in durtye Pooles,
 wyll euer stynke of mudde.
 I promyse the *Menalcas* here,
 I wolde not them enuye.
 Yf any spot of Gentlenes
 in them I myght espye.
 For yf theyr Natures gentell be,
 though byrth be neuer so base,
 Of Gentelmen (for mete it is)
 they ought haue name and place:
 But when by byrth, they base are bred,
 and churllishe harte retaine,
 Though place of gentlemen thei haue
 yet churles they do remayne.
 A prouerbe olde, hath ofte ben harde
 and now full true is tryed:
 An Ape, wyll euer be an Ape,
 though purple garments hyde.
 For seldom, wyll the mastye course,
 the Hare or els the Deare:
 But styll, accordyng to his kynde.
 wyll holde, the hogge by th[e]are.
 Vnfitte are dunghill knights to ferue
 the towne, with Speare in fielde:

Nor strange it semes, (a sudain Chop)
to leape from whyp, to shielde.
The chiefeſt man, in all our towne,
that beares the greateſt fwaye,
Is *Coridon* no kynne to me,
a Netheſerh th[e]other daye.
This *Coridon* come from the Carte,
In honour chiefe doth fytle,
And gouernes vs: because he hath
a Crabbed, Clowniſh wytte.
Nowe ſe the Churlyſh Crueltye,
that in hys harte remayns.
The ſelye Sheape yat Shephards good,
haue foſterd vp wyth Paynes,
And brougħt awaye, from Stynkyng dales
on pleaſant Hylles to feade:
O Cruell Clowniſh Coridon
O curſed Carliſh Seade:
The ſimple Shepe, conſtrayned he,
theyr Paſture fwete to leaue,
And to theyr old corrupted Graſſe,
enforceth them to cleaue.
Such Shepe, as would not them obaye
but in theyr Paſture byde,
with (cruell flames,) they did conſume
and vex on euery fyde.
And with the ſhepe, ye Shephardes good,
(O hate full Hounds of Hell,)
They did torment, and dryue them out,
in Places farre to dwell.
There dyed *Daphnes* for his Shepe,
the chiefeſt of them all.
And fayre *Alexis* flamde in Fyre,
who neuer peryſſhe ſhall.
O Shephards wayle, for *Daphnes* deth,
Alexis hap lament,
And curs the force of cruell hartes,
that them to death haue ſent.

Egloga tertia.

I, synce I sawe suche synfull syghts,
 dyd neuer lyke the Towne,
 But thought it best to take my sheepe,
 and dwell vpon the downe.
 Wheras I lyue, a plefaunt lyfe,
 and free from cruell handes,
 I wolde not leaue, the plefaunt fyelde
 for all the Townsh Landes.
 For syth that Pryde, is placed thus,
 and Vice set vp so hye:
 And Crueltie doth rage so sore,
 and men lyue all awrye:
 Thynkste you? yat God, will long forbere,
 his scourge, and plague to sende?
 To suche as hym do stylly despysye,
 and neuer feke to mende?
 Let them be sure he wyll reuenge,
 when they thynke leaste vpon.
 But looke a stormy showre doth ryse,
 whiche wyll fall heare anone,
Menalcas best we nowe departe,
 my Cottage vs shall keepe,
 For there is rowme for the, and me,
 and eke for all our sheepe:
 Som Chestnuts haue I there in store
 with Cheese and plefaunt whaye.
 God fends me Vittayles for my nede,
 and I synge Care awaye.

¶ *Finis Eglogæ tertiae.*

Egloga quarta.

Melibens.

Palemon.

 God, that guyds ye golden *Globe*,
 wher shinyng shapes do dwel
 O thou yat throwest the thunder thumps
 from Heauens hye, to Hell,
 what wonders workes thy worthynes
 what meruayles doste thou frame?
 What secrete fyghts be Subiect fene
 vnto thy holy name?
 A symple Shepharde slayne of late,
 by foolyshe force of Loue,
 That had not Grace such fancies fond
 and Flames for to remoue,
 Appeared late, before myne eies,
 (Alas I feare to speake,)
 Not as he here was wont to lyue,
 whyle Gryefe hym none did breake.
 But all in Blacke, he clothed came
 an vgly fyght to fe:
 As they that for theyr due Desartes,
 with Paynes tormented be,
 My shepe for feare amafed ran,
 and fled from Hyll to Dale,
 And I alone remayned there,
 with countenaunce wan and pale.
 O Lorde (quoth I) what meanes this thyng
 is this *Alexis* spryght?
 Or is it *Daphnes* foule that showes?
 to me this dredfull fyght,
 Or comes some Feend of Hell abrode?
 with feare men to torment?
 Megera this? or *Tisiphon*?
 Or is *Alecto* fent?

Egloga

what soever thou art, yat thou doft com?
 Ghoost, Hagge, or Fende of Hell :
 I the commaunde by hym that lyues,
 thy name and caſe to tell.
 With this, a stynkyng ſmoke I fawe,
 from out his mouth to flye,
 And with that fame, his voyce did found,
 None of them all am I.
 But ons thy frende (*O Melibe*)
Dametas was my name,
Dametas I, that flewe my ſelfe,
 by force of ſoolyfſhe flame.
Dametas I, that dотyngē dyed,
 In fyre of vnkynde Loue :
Dametas I, whom *Deiopey*
 dyd cauſe ſuche ende to proue,
 The ſame *Dametas* here I com,
 by lycens vnto the :
 For to declare the wofull ſtate,
 that happens now to me.
(*O Melibe*) take hede of Loue,
 of me Example take,
 That flewe my ſelfe, and liue in Hell,
 for *Deiopeias* fake.
 I thought that Deth ſhuld me release
 from paynes and dolefull woe,
 But nowe (alas) the trothe is tryed,
 I fynde it nothyngē ſoe,
 For looke what Payne and gryefe I felt
 when I lyued heare afore :
 With thoſe I nowe tormented am,
 and with ten thouſand more.
 I meane not that I burne in loue,
 ſuche ſoolyfſhe toyes begon,
 But Gryefes in nombre haue I lyke
 and manye more vpon.
 O cursed Loue, (what ſhulde I faye,)
 that brought me fyſte to Payne,

Well, myght I ones despysfe thy lore,
but nowe (alas) in vayne.
With fond Affection, I dyd flame,
whiche nowe I moste repent,
But all to late (alas) I wayle,
fyth hope of Grace is spent.
The fickle fadyng forme, and face,
that ones so muche I fowght,
Hath made me lose the Skyes aboue,
and me to Hell hath browght.
Why had I Reason delt to me?
and coulde not Reason vse.
Why gaue I Brydle to my wyll?
when I myght well refuse.
A wycked Wyll, in dede it was,
that blynded so my fygth,
That made me on fuch fadyng Duste,
to set my whole Delyght,
A fonde Affection lead me then,
When I for God dyd place,
A Creature, cause of all my Care,
a fleshye fletynge face,
A woman Waue of Wretchednes,
a Paterne pylde of Pryde,
A Mate of Myschife and Distresse,
for whom (a Foole) I dyed.
Thus whyle he spake, I fawe me thought
of Hell an vglye Fende,
With lothsome Clawes, hym for to close
and forced him there to ende.
And with this same, (O *Melibey*,)
farewell, farewell, (quoth he)
Eschewe the Blase of feruent flames,
Example take of me.
My Harte with this began to rent,
and all amasde I stooode.
O lord (quoth I) what flames be these
what Rage, what Furyes wood?

Egloga quarta.

Doth Loue procure, to wretched men
 what Bondage doth it bryngē?
 Paine here: and Payne in life to come.
 (O dolefull, dredefull thyngē.)

[Palemōn] I quake to heare, this Storye tolde,
 and *Melibei* I fainte,
 For sure I thought *Dametas* had,
 been placed lyke a Saynte.
 I thought that cruel *Charons* Boate,
 had myste of hym her frayght.
 And through his deth, he mounted had
 to starres and Heauens strayght.
 Howe valiantly dyd he despyfe,
 his lyfe in Bondage ledde?
 And sekyng Deth with courage hye,
 from Loue and Ladye fledde.
 And is he thus rewarded nowe?
 The ground be cursed than,
 That fosterde vp, so fayre a face
 that loste so good a Man.

¶ *Finis Eglogæ quartæ.*

Egloga quinta.

Mopsus.

Egon.



Om doleful thing there is at hand
thy countenaunce doth declare,
Thy face good *Egon* voide of blud
thine eies amased stare :
I fe thy teares, howe they do still,
disclose thy secrete mynde,
Hath Fortune frowned late on the?
Hath Cupide ben vnkinde.
A pyteous thinge to be bewalyde
a desperate Acte of Loue,
(O Destenies) fuche cruell broyles
How haue you power to moue?
Here lyued a Ladye fayre of late,
that *Claudia* men dyd call:
Of goodly forme, yea fuche a one,
as farre furmounted all.
The stately Dames, yat in this Courte,
to shewe them felues do lye,
There was not one in all the Crewe :
that could come *Claudia* nye.
A worthy Knyght dyd loue her longe,
and for her sake did feale,
The panges of Loue, that happen styl
by frownyng Fortunes wheale,
He had a Page, *Valerius* named,
whom so muche he dyd truste,
That all the secrets of his Hart,
to hym declare he muste.
And made hym all the onely meanes,
to fue for his redresse,
And to entreate for grace to her,
that caused his distresse.

Egloga

She whan as fyrst she saw his page
 was ftrayght with hym in Loue,
 That nothyng could *Valerius* face,
 from *Claudias* mynde remoue.
 By hym was *Fauftus* often harde,
 by hym his futes toke place,
 By hym he often dyd aspyre,
 to se his Ladyes face.
 This passed well, tyll at the length,
Valerius fore dyd fewe,
 With many teares befechynge her,
 his Maysters gryefe to rewe.
 And tolde her that yf she wolde not
 release, his Maysters payne,
 He neuer wolde attempte her more,
 nor se her ones agayne.
 She then with mafed countnaunce there
 and teares yat gushing fell,
 Aftonyed answarde thus, loe nowe,
 alas I se to well.
 Howe longe I haue deceyued ben,
 by the *Valerius* heare,
 I neuer yet beleued before,
 nor tyll this tyme dyd feare,
 That thou dydste for thy Mayster sue
 but onely for my sake.
 And for my fyght, I euer thought,
 thou dydste thy trauayle take.
 But nowe I se the contrarye,
 thou nothyng carste tor me,
 Sync fyrst thou knewste, the fyerye flames
 that I haue felte by the.
 O Lorde howe yll, thou dosste requyte
 that I for the haue done,
 I curse the time, that frendshyp fyrst,
 to shewe, I haue begon.
 O lorde I the befeche let me,
 in tyme reuenged be :

And let hym knowe that he hate synd,
 in this misusyng me,
 I can not thynke, but Fortune once,
 shall the rewarde for all,
 And vengeaunce due for thy deserts,
 in tyme shall on the fall.
 And tell thy maister *Fauſtus* nowe,
 yf he wolde haue me lyue :
 That neuer more he fewe to me,
 this aunswere laste I gyue :
 And thou o Traytour vyle,
 and enmye to my lyfe,
 Absent thy ſelfe from out my fyght,
 procure not greater ftryfe,
 Sync ebat theſe teares, had neuer force
 to moue thy ſtoneye harte,
 Let neuer theſe my weryed eyes,
 ſe the no more. Departe.
 This fayde, in haste ſhe hieth in,
 and there doth vengeaunce call,
 And ſtrake her ſelf, with cruel knyfe,
 and bluddye downe doth fall.
 This dolfull chaunce, whan *Fauſtus* heard
 lamentynge lowde he cryes,
 And teares his heare and doth accufe,
 the vniuft and cruell Skies.
 And in this ragynge moode awaye,
 he ſtealeth oute alone,
 And gone he is: no man knowes where
 eche man doth for hym mone.
Valerius whan he doth perceyue,
 his Mayſter to be gone :
 He weepes and wailes, in piteous plignt
 and forth he ronnes anone.
 No Man knowes where, he is becom,
 ſome ſaye the wooddes he tooke,

Egloga quinta.

Intendynge there to ende his lyfe,
on no Man more to looke :
The Courte lamentes, the Princeffe eke
her selfe doth weepe for woe,
Loe, *Fauſtus* fled, and *Claudia* deade.
Valerius vanyſhēd too.

¶ *Finis Eglogæ quinta.*

Egloga sexta.

Felix.

Faustus.

Felix.



*Faustus, whom aboue the rest,
of Shephardes here that kepe,
Vpon these holts, ye nombre great
of waightye fleesed shepe:
I euer haue estemde: and counted eke,
the chiefest Frende of all,
What great mishap, what scourge of
minde
or grieve hath the befall?*

*That hath the brought in such a plight
farre from thy wonted guyse?
What meanes this countenaunce all besprent
with teres? these wretched eies
This mournyng looke, this Vesture sad
this wrethe of Wyllow tree,
(Vnhappy man) why doste thou wepe
what chaunce hath altered the?
Tell tell, me soone, I am thy frende,
Disclose to me thy gryefe,
Be not afrayde, for frendes do serue,
to gyue theyr Frendes relyefe.*

Faustus. The wofull cause of all my hурte,
good *Felix* longe agoe,
Thou knewst full well: I nede not now
by wordes to double woe,
Synce that (alas) all hope is past
fynce gryefe, and I am one,
And synce the Ladye of my lyfe,
(my faute) I haue forgone,
What woldst you haue me do (oh frend?)
to Ioye? in such dyftres?

Naye pleasures quyte I banish here,
 and yelde to Heuynes,
 Let gryefes torment me euermore,
 let neuer Cares awaye.
 Let neuer Fortune turne her wheale
 to gyue me blyfull daye.
 Loue hath me scoured: I am content
 lament not thou my state,
 Let spyght on me take vengeaunce nowe
 let me be torne with hate.
 Let her enioye, her happye lyfe,
 a Flowre of golden hewe,
 That clofeth when the Son doth set,
 and spreads with Phebus newe.
 Syth from my Garande now is falne,
 this famouse Flowre swete:

*A Marys
golde.*

Felix.

Let Wyllows wynde aboute my hed,
 (a Wrethe for Wretches mete)
 Fye *Faustus*, let not Fancie fonde,
 in the beare suche a fwaye,
 Expell Affections from thy mynde,
 and dryue them quyght awaye.
 Embrace thine Auncient Lybertie,
 let Bondage vyle be fled:
 Let Reason rule, thy crased Brayne,
 place Wyt, in Folies steade.
 Sync she is gone, what remedye?
 why shuldest thou so lament?
 Wilt thou destroy thy self with tears
 and she to pleasures bent?
 Gyue eare to me, and I wyll shewe
 the remedies for Loue
 That I haue learned longe agoe:
 and in my youth dyd proue.
 Such remedies as foone shall quenche
 the flames of Cupids Fyre,
 Suche remedies as shall delaye,
 the Rage of fonde Desyre.

For *Fauſtus* yf thou folow styll,
the blynded God to please,
And wylt not feke, by Reasons Rule,
to purchase thyne owne eafe,
Long canſt thou not thy frends enjoy
but byd them all farewell.
And leaue thy lyfe, and giue thy soule
to depeſt fluds of Hell.
Leaue of therſore, betymes and let
Affection beare no fwaye,
And now at fyſt the Fyre quench
before it further straye,
Eche thyng is eaſely made to obaye,
whyle it is yong and grene,
The teſtder twyg, that now doth bend
at length refuſeth cleane.
The feruent Fyre, that flamynge fyſt,
may lytell water drenche,
When as it hath obtayned tyme,
whole Ryuers can not quenche:
Forsake the Town, (my *Fauſtus* deare)
and dwell, vpon this playne,
And tyme ſhall heale, thy feſtryng wound
and Abſence banyſh Payne.
Aboue all thynges fly Idlenes,
For this doth dowble strength,
To Louers flams, and makes them rage,
tyl all be loſt at length,
Here in theſe felds, are pleſaunt things
to occupye thy brayn,
Be hold: how ſpryng reuyues agayn,
that winter late had flayne,
Behold: the pleſaunt Hyles adournd,
with dyuers colours fayre,
Geue eare to *Scillas* luſty ſonges,
rcioyfynge in the ayr,
What pleaſure canſt thou more defyre,
then here is for to fe:

Thy lusty yewes, with many a lam,
 Lo: whear they wayt on the,
 Thynke not vpon that cursed face,
 that makes the thus her flae
 But well regard the pleasaunt lyfe,
 that here thou feest me haue,
 Whan I long tyme a go, did feale,
 the flames of *Cupids* fyre,
 Thefe meanes Lo thou I practised,
 to cure my fond desyre.
 I fyrt wayed with my selfe,
 How fond a thyng it seamd,
 To let my heart lye there in chaynes,
 where I was nought esteamd.
 And how with flames I burnt for her,
 that passd nought for me,
 And how, these eyes encreast my harmes
 that fyrt her face did fe,
 With pensyfe heart full fraught with thoughts,
 I fled from thence away,
 And though that Loue bad tourne my steppes.
 yet wold I neuer stay,
 But from that foule infectyue ayer,
 wher first I tooke my fore,
 I hyed in hast, and shund the place,
 to fe for euer more.
 Eache letter that I had receyued
 from her, I cast away,
 And tokens all, I threw them down,
 to my no small dysmay.
 Then busyed I my selfe in thyngs
 that myght me moste delyglit,
 And fought the chiefft means I could,
 to helpe my weryed spryght.
 Somtyme I wold behold the fyelds,
 and Hilles that thou doste fe,
 Somtime I wold betraye the Byrds,
 that lyght on lymed tree,
 Eſpecially in Shepſtare tyme,
 when thicke in flockes they flye,

One wold I take, and to her Leg,
a lymed Lyne wold tye,
And where ye flock flew thickest, there
I wold her cast awaye,
She strayght vnto the rest wold hye,
amongst her Mates to playe.
And preafyng in the mydste of them,
with Lyne and Lyme, and all,
With cleuyng wyngs, entangled fast.
they downe togyther fall.
Somtyme I wold the lytel Fysh:
with bayted Hooke beguyle :
Somtyme the craftye Foxe I wold,
deceyue for all his wyle:
Somtyme the Wolfe, I wold purfue,
fomtyme the fomyng Boore :
And whan with labour all the daye,
my weryed Lyms were foore.
Than rest and slepe I straightway fought
no Dreames dyd me afraye :
Tormented nought with care, I past
the lyngryng nyght awaye.
And thus I cleane forgot: in tyme,
the doting Dayes I fawe,
And freed my self, to my great Ioye,
from Yoke of Louers Lawe.
More of this fame, I wyll the tell,
the next tyme here we mete,
And stronger Medycines wyll I gyue,
to purge that Venym fwete.
Beholde the Daye is flypt awaye,
and Starres do fast appeare,
Loe where *Calisto* Virgin ones,
doth shyne in Skies so cleare.
Loe where olde *Cepheus* walks about,
with twynyng Serpent bye,
We wyll no lenger heare abyde,
But hence wyll homwarde hye.

Egloga septima.

Siluanus.

Sirens.

Selmagia.



Irenus shephard good and thou,
that hast yll lucke in loue,
The cause of al my hurt by whom
my futes could neuer proue.
God neuer let that I shuld seeke,
to be reuenged of the,
For whan I might haue ben with ease,
yet wold not suffer me
The Loue that I, *Diana* bare,
on the to shewe my Spyte :
On the in whom my Ladye fayre,
had once her whole delyght,
If thy myshaps do not me greue,
My mischiefs neuer ende.
Thynke not *sirenes* that bycause,
Diana was thy frend,
I beare the worser wyl assure thy self
so base my loue neuer femde
That onely I shuld fauour her.
but all that she estemde.
Siren. Thou eyther art *siluanus* borne,
Example for to gyue,
To vs that know not how,
whan Fortune frownes to lyue,
Or els hath Nature placed in the
so strong and stoute a mynde.
Suffysyng not, thyne yls alone
to beare, but meanes to fynde,

In Mr. Huth's copy—though the signatures are regular—the first *two* pages of the final original impression down to, *she kyld a saythfull frende*, on the next page are omitted: being represented by a blank page. They have been supplied by the kindness of W. A. Wright, Esq., M.A., from the copy in the library of Trinity College, Cambridge.

That may the Griefes of others help,
I se thou art so bent,
That Fortune can the not amase,
For all her mysciefes ment,
I promys the *siluanus* heare,
tyme playne in the doth show,
How dayly she discouers things,
that erst dyd men not know.
I can not beare the Gryefes I feale,
my force is all to faynt,
I neuer could as thou canst stynyt,
the teares of my complaunt.
Diana hath procured the paynes,
that I shall neuer ende,
When fyrt she falt her troth to me,
she kyld a faythfull frende.

man. I meruayle how she could so soone,
put the out of her mind,
I well remembre fynce thou wentste
alone I dyd her fynd.
In place that forow semde to shape,
where no man stood her nyne,
But onely (I vnhappy wretche,)
that herd her wofull crye,
And this with teares alowde she saye,
O wretche in yll tyme borne.
What chaunce hast thou? that thus thou hast
Sirenum swete forlorne.
Gyue ouer pleasures now,
Let neuer Ioye the pleafe,
Seke all the cruell meanes thou canst
that may thy hart dyseafe.
Whan thou doste hym forget I wysh,
all mischifes on the lyght,
And after death, the Fendes of Hell,
torment thy lyuyng spryght.
en. What man wold here beleue?
that she that thus could speake,

In so shorte tyme as I haue bene
 awaye, wolde promys breake.
 O stedfastnes and Constancy,
 how feldome are you founde:
 In womens harts to haue your seats,
 Or long abydyng ground?
 Who looke how much more earnest they,
 at fyrst theyr hearts do set,
 So much more sooner euer more,
 where late they loued, forgot:
 Full well could euer I beleue,
 all women gylty of this:
 Sause her alone, in whom I iudge,
 neuer nature wrought amis:
 But firs her maryage how she speeds
Siluan I pray the tell?

Siluan. Some say she lykes it very ill,
 and I beleue it well:
 For *Delius* he that hath her now,
 although he welthy be,
 Is but a lout and hath in hym,
 no hanosome qualytie:
 For as for all, suche thynges wherin,
 we Shepeheardes haue delyght,
 * As in Quaiting, Leaping, Singing or
 to sound a Bagpipe ryght:
 In all these thinges he is but an Asse,
 and nothyng do he can,
 They faye tys quallities but tush,
 Its ryches makes a man:

Siren. What woman is that yat commeth here,
Siluan canst thou tell?

Siluan. Its one hath sped as well in Loue,
 as we, I knowe her well:
 She is one of fayre *Dianas* frendes,
 who keeps her beastes below,
 Not far from hence bi her thou maist
Dianas State wel know.

She loued hear a Shephearde cald,
Alanius longe a go :

Who fauers one *yfmenia* now,
the cause of al her wo :

Siluag. No place so fyt for the as this,
Lo heare *Siluanus* stands,
Who hath receaued lyke luck to thine
at cruel Fortunes hands,
This company besemes the well,
Fayr Shepheards both good deane,

Siluan. To the *Seluagia* eke of Hope,
Whom Loue hath spoyled cleane :
A thousande better dayes I wysh,
than thou hast had before,

Seluag. At length may better Fortune fall,
For worse can not be more.
To truste the fayned words of men,
Loe, thus poore women speeds.

Siluan. And men do smarte not through your words
but your vnconstant deeds.

For you when earnestlyest you loue,
no thyng can chaunce so lyght.

But yf a toye com in your Brayne,
your mynde is altered quyght.

If we but ones, absent our felues,
the shorkest tyme we maye,

So muche vnconstant is your minde
Loue foreth strayght awaye,

Example take *Sirenum* here
whom once *Diana* lovd,

As all we know, and looke how soone
her mynd is now removd :

No, no, there is not one of you,
that constant can remayne :

Siluag. You iudge but of malicious hart,
and of a Ialouse brayne.

All thyngs you do your felues esteeme,
and men must beare no blame.

Of your diffemblyng noughty deeds,
we women beare the shame.

Siren. Fayre Damesell yf you can perceyue
Siluanus true doth faye
There is not one amongst you all,
but doth from reason straye.
What is the cause that women thus?
in theyr vnconstancye,
Do cast a man from hyest hap,
to deepest myserye?
Its nothyng els, I you assiure,
but that you know not well,
What thing is loue, and what you haue,
in hand you can not tell.
Your symple wytys are all to weake,
Vnsayned loue to know,
And therof doth forgetfulnes,
in you so shortly grow.

Seluag. *Sirenenus* iudge not so of vs,
our wytys be not so base,
But that we know as well as you,
whats what in euerie case.
And women eke, there are ynow
that could yf they were brought
Teache men to lyue, and more to loue,
yf loue myght well be tought,
And for all this, yet do I thynke,
No thyng can worser be.
Than womens stafe, it is the worst,
I thynke of eche degree.
For yf they shewe but gentle words
you thynke for loue they dye.
And yf they speake not when you list,
than strayght you say, they are hye.
And that they ar, disdainfull Dames.
and if they chaunce to talke.
Than cownt you them for chatring Pies
whose tongs must alwayes walke.

And yf perhaps they do forbear,
and Sylence chaunce to keepe,
Than tush, she is not for company,
she is but a symple sheepe.
And yf they beare good wyll to one,
then strayght they are iudged noughe.
And yf yll name to shun they leauie,
Vnconstant they are thought.
Who nowe can please these Lalouse heads,
the faute is all in you,
For women neuer wold chaunge their minds
yf men wold styll be true.

Siren. To this, I well could answere you,
but tyme doth byd me staye,
And women must the last worde haue
no man may say them naye.
Pasfe ouer this, and let vs here,
what lucke you haue had in loue,
And showe yf euer loue of man,
your constaunt hart could moue.
No fyter place can be than this,
here maye you safely rest,
Thus sytting here, declare at large,
the secretes of your breft.
Siluag. Naye: lenger here we maye not byde,
but home we mvst awaye,
Loe how the Son denies his Beames
depriuyng vs of daye.

Finis Eglogæ septimæ.

Egloga octaua.

Coridon.

Cornix.



Ow ragethe *Titan* fyerce aboue
his Beames on earth do beate.
Whose hote reflection maks vs feale
an ouer feruent heate:
Wyth syery Dog, he forward flames
hote Agues vp he dryues:
And sends them downe, with boylyng blud
to shorten Myfers lyues.
Loe, how the beasts, lyes vnder trees
how all thyng seekes the shade,
O blessed God, that some defence,
for euery hurte hast made,
Beholde this pleasaunte Brodeleaued Beech
and springing fountain cleare,
Heare shade ynough, here water cold
com *Cornix* rest we here,
And let vs songs begyn to syng,
our purs and harts be lyght.
We fere not we, the tomblyng world
we breake no fleaps by nyght.

Cornix. Both place and tyme my *Coridon*
exhorteth me to syng,
Not of the wretched Louers lyues,
but of the immortall kynge.
Who gyues vs pasture for our beasts
and blesseth our encrease:
By whom, while other cark and toyle
we lyue at home with eafe.
Who keepes vs down, from climyng hye
wher honour breeds debate,

And here hath graunted vs to lyue
in symple Shephards state,
A lyfe that sure doth fare exceade,
eche other kynd of lyfe :
O happy state, that doth content,
How farre be we from stryfe ?
Of hym therfore, me lyf to syng,
and of no wanton toyes,
For hym to loue, and hym to prayse,
furmounts all other Ioyes.
O Shephards leauie *Cupidoes* Camp,
the ende wherof is vyle,
Remoue Dame *Venus* from your eies
and harken here a whyle.
A God there is, that guyds the Globe,
and framde the fyckle Spheare,
And placed hath, the Starres aboue,
that we do gafe on here,
By whom we lyue, (vnthankful beasts)
by whom we haue our health,
By whom we gayne our happy states
by whom we get our wealth.
A God : that fends vs that we nede,
a God : that vs defends.
A God : from whom the Angels hye,
on mortall men attends.
A God : of fuche a Clemencie,
that who so hym doth loue
Shall here be sure to rest a whyle,
and alwayes rest aboue.
But we, for hym do lytell care,
His Heasts we nought esteme,
But hunt for thyngs that he doth hate
most pleasaunt those do feme,
(Vnthankfull myfers) what do we ?
what meane we thus to straye ?
From fuche a God, so mercyfull,
to walke a worlfer waye ?

Maye nought his benefyts procure ?
 maye nought his mercyes moue ?
 Maye nothyng bynde, but nedes we must ?
 gyue hate to hym for loue ?
 O happy (ten tymes) is the man,
 (a Byrde full rare to fynde)
 That loueth God with all his hart,
 and kepes his lawes in mynde.
 He shalbe blest in all his works,
 and safe in euery tyme,
 He shall swete quietnes enioye,
 whyle other fmarke for Cryme.
 The threatening chaunces of the world
 shall neuer hym annoye.
 When Fortune frowns on foolish men
 he shalbe sure to ioye.
 For why ? the Aungels of the Lorde,
 shall hym defende alwayes,
 And set hym free, at euery harmes,
 and hurts at all assayes.
David.
 [*! Daniel.*] Euen he that kept the Prophet safe,
 from mouthes of Lyons wylde,
Moses. And he that once preferued in Flags,
 the fely fuckyng Chylde,
Elias. The God that fed, by Rauens Byll,
 the Teacher of his worde,
 Shall hym (no doubt) in safetie keepe,
 from Famyn, Fyre, aud Sworde.
 Not he, whom Poets old haue faynd,
 to lyue in Heauen hye,
Jupiter. Embracyng Boyes : (O fylthy thyng)
 in beastly Lecherye.
Juno. Nor *Juno* she : (that wrinkled Iade,)
 that Quene of Skyes is calde,
Saturn. Nor soleyn *Saturn* Churlysh Chuffe,
 with Scalpe of Cancre bald.
Mars. Nor fumyng Foole, with fyery face,
 that moues the fyghters mynd.

Venus
Cupid.

Nor Venus she : (that wanton wench)
that guyds the Shoter blynd.

Can the defende : as God wyll do,
for they were synfull fooles,

Homerus.

Whom fyrfte ye blynd hye witted Greke
brought in to wyse mens Scooles.

No none of these, but God alone,
ought worshyp for to haue,

For they for all theyr Honour ones,
rest yet in stynkyng Graue.

Heare hast thou heard, the happy state
of them that lyue in feare,

Of God : and loue hym best : now lyft,
his foes reward to heare,

And fyrfte know thou that euery man,
that from this God doe goe,

And folows lust, hym he acountes,
to be his deadly foe,

This myghty Kyng of whom we talk,
as he is mercyfull,

And suffers long, reuengyng flow,
So when we be thus dull,

That we wyl not perceave in tyme,
the goodnes of his grace,

His fauour straight, he doth withdraw
and tournes a way his face.

And to him selfe then doth he say,
How long shall I permit

These stubburne beastes, for to rebell ?
and shall I loue them yet,

That hate me thus ? or haue I nede
theyr louyng mynds to craue ?

I aske no more but onely loue,
and that I can not haue.

Well, wel I wil not care for them,
that thus do me dyspyse,

Let them go lyue, euen as they lyft,
I turne awaye myne eyes.

When God hath thus sayd to him self
 Then doth the braynlesse foole,
 Cast Brydle of, and out he runnes,
 neglectynge vertues Scoole,
 Then doth the Deuyl geue him lyne,
 and let him rune at large,
 And Pleasure makes his Mariner,
 to row in vyces Barge,
 Then vp the Sayles of wilfulnes.
 he hoyses hie in hast,
 And fond Affection blowes hym forth,
 a wynd that *Pluto* plast,
 Then cuttes he swyft, the feas of fin,
 and through the Chanell deape,
 With Ioyful mynd, he fleets a pace,
 whom Pleasure bryngs a sleape,
 Then who so happy thinks hym selfe?
 who dreames of ioy but he?
 Tush, tush, sayeth he: to thynk of God,
 In age suffiseth me.

Now wil I passe my pleasaunt youth,
 Such toyes becomes this age,
 And God shall followe me sayth he,
 I wyll not be his page,
 I wyll be proud, and looke a loft,
 I wyll my bodye decke,
 With costly clothes, a boue my stafe
 who then dare gyue me checke?

Coridon. Garments som time, so gard a knaue,
 that he dare mate a Knyght,
 Yet haue I sene a *Nec* in hemp,
 For Checking often lyght.

Cornix. The Peacocks plume shal not me pas
 that nature finely framde
 For coulord fylkes shal set me fourth,
 that nature shalbe shamde,
 My Sworde shal get me valiant fame,
 I wyll be *Mars* out ryght,

And *Mars* you know, must *Venus* haue,
to recreate his spryght.
I wyll oppresse the symple knaue,
shall Slaves be fawfy now?
Nay: I wyll teache the nedye Dogges,
with Cappe to crowche, and bow.
Thus fareth he, and thus he lyues,
No whyt estymyng God,
In health, in ioy, and lustynes,
free from the smartyng Rod,
But in the midſt of all his myrth,
whyle he ſuſpecteth leaſt,
His happy chaunce, begyns to chaunge
and eke his fleetynge eaſt,
For death (that old deuouryng Wolf)
whom goodmen nothyng feare,
Coms faylyng fast, in Galley blacke,
and whan he ſpyes hym neare,
Doth boorde hym ſtrayght, and grapels fast
And than begyns the fyght,
In ryot leapes, as Captayne chiefe,
and from the Maynmaſt ryght,
He downward coms, and furſet than
affayleth by and by,
Then vyle deſeafes forward ſhoues,
with paynes and gryefe therby,
Lyfe stands aloft, and fyghteth hard,
but pleasure all agaſte.
Doth leaue his ore, and out he flyes,
then death approcheth fast.
And giues the charge ſo fore, yat needs
must lyfe begyn to flye,
Then farewell all. The wretched man
with Caryen Corfe doth lye,
Whom Deth hymſelf flyngs ouer bord,
amyd the Seas of syn,
The place wher late, he fwetly fwam,
now lyes he drowned in.

Egloga octaua

Contynuall torment hym awaytes,
 (a Monster vyle to tell)
 That was begot of Due Desert,
 and raygneth now in Hell,
 With gredy mouth he alwayes feeds
 vpon the Syndrownd soule,
 Whose gredy Pawes, do neuer ceas,
 in synfull fluds to prowe.
 Loe. This the ende, of euery suche
 as here lyues lustlye
 Neglectyng God thou seest, in vyce.
 do lyue. in syn do dye.
 What shuld I speke of al theyr harms
 that happens them in lyfe ?
 Theyr Conscience prickt, theyr barren blud
 theyr toyle, their grief, theyr frysfe,
 With mischiefes heaped many a one,
 which they do neuer trye.
 That Loue and Feare the myghty God,
 that rules and raynes on hye,
 To long it weare, to make discourse,
 and *Phabus* downe descends,
 And in the Clowdes his beams doth hyde
 which tempest sure portends,
 Looke how the beastes begin to fling,
 and cast theys heade on hye,
 The Hearonshew mountes aboue the clouds
 ye Crowes ech wher do cry
 All this showes rayn, tyme byds vs go
 com *Coridon* awaye,
 Take vp thy Staffe, fetch in thy beastes
 let vs go whyle we maye.
Coridon. *Cornix* agreed, go thou before,
 yon curfed Bull of myne
 I must go dryue : he neuer bydes,
 among my Fathers Kyne.

Finis Eglogæ octauæ.

E PYTAPHE S.

¶ *An Epytaph of the Lorde Sheffeldes death.*



Hen Brutysh broyle, and rage of war
in Clownysh harts began
When Tigres stoute, in Tanners bonde
vnmusled all they ran,
The Noble Sheffeykl Lord by byrth
and of a courage good,
By clubbish hands, of crabbed Clowns
there spent his Noble blud.
His noble byrth auayled not,
his honor all was vayne,
Amyd the prease, of Mastye Curses,
the valyant Lorde was slayne.
And after suche a forte (O ruth,)
that who can teares suppreffe.
To thynke yat Dunghyll Dogs shuld dawnt
the Floure of worthynes.
Whyle as the rauenynge Wolues he prayed
his gylteles lyfe to faue.
A bluddy Butcher byg and blunt,
a vyle vneweldy knaue
With beastly blow of boyfsterous byll
at hym (O Lorde) let dryue,
And clefte his head, and sayd therwith
shalt thou be lefste alyue?
O Lorde that I had present ben,
and Hectors force withall,
Before that from his Carlysh hands,
the cruell Byll dyd fall.
Then shulde that peasaunt vyle haue felt
the clap vpon his Crowne,
Then shuld haue dazed his dogged hart
from dryuyng Lordes adowne.

Epytaphes.

Then shuld my hands haue faued th y lyse
 good Lord whom deare I loued
 Then shuld my hart in doutfull case,
 full well to the ben proued,
 But all in vayne thy death I wayle,
 thy Corps in earth doth lye.
 Thy kyng and Countrey for to ferue
 thou dydste not feare to dye.
 Farewel good Lord, thy deth bewayle
 all fuche as well the knewe,
 And euerye man laments thy case:
 and *Googe* thy death doth rewe.

¶ *An Epytaph of M. Shelley
 slayne at Muffelbrouge.*

Van Mars had moued mortall hate
 and forced fumysh heate
 And hye *Bellona* had decreed,
 to syt with Sworde in Seate,
 The Scottes vntrue with fyghtynge hande,
 theyr promys to denye,
 Assembled fast, and England thought,
 the trothe with them to trye.
 Chose *Musclebrouge* theyr fyghtynge place
 amyd those barrayne fyelds
 Theyr breche of fayth, there not to try
 with trothe, but trotheles Shyeldes
 In battayle braue, and Armye strong
 Encamped sure they laye,
 Ten Scottes to one (a dredeful thyng
 a dolfull fyghtyng daye.)
 That Englysh men were all agaste,
 with quakyng staues in hande.
 To se theyr enemyes lye so neare,
 and death with them to stande.

No other remedye there was,
but fyght it out or flye.
And who shuld fyrt the Onset gyue,
was sure therin to dye.
Thus al dismayde, and wrapt in feare
with doutfull mynde they stande,
If best it be, with flyght of foote,
to ftryue or fyght of hande.
Tyll at the length, a Captayn stoute.
with hawtye mynde gan speake.
O Cowards all, and maydly men
of Courage faynt and weake,
Vnworthe com of Brutus race,
to this your manhode gon,
And is there none you Daftardes all,
that dare them set vpon.
Then Shelly all inflamed with heate
with heate of valyaunt mynde,
No Cowardes we, nor maydly men,
ne yet of Daftards kynde,
I wold you wylste dyd euer com,
but dare be bolde to trye,
Our manhode heare, thoughe noughe appeare
but deth to all mens eye
And with these wordes (O noble hart)
no longer there he stayde,
But forth before them all he sprang
as one no whyt dismayed
With charged staffe on fomyng horse
his Spurres with heeles he ftrykes,
And forewarde ronnes with swifte race,
among the mortall Pykes
And in this race with famous ende,
to do his Countrey good,
Gae Onset fyrt vpon his Foes,
and lost his vitall blud.

¶ *An Epytaph of Maister*
 Thomas Phayre.

¶ He hawtye verse, yat *Maro* wrote
 made Rome to wonder muche
 And meruayle none for why the Style
 and waightynes was fuche,
 That all men iudged *Parnassus* Mownt
 had cleste her felfe in twayne.
 And brought forth one, that seemd to drop
 from out *Mineruaes* brayne.
 But wonder more, maye Bryttayne great
 wher *Phayre* dyd florysh late,
 And barreyne tong with fwete accord
 reduced to fuche estate :
 That *Virgils* verse hath greater grace
 in forrayne foote obtaynde,
 Than in his own, who whilst he lyued
 eche other Poets staynde.
 The Noble H. *Hawarde* once,
 that raught eternall fame,
 With mighty Style, did bryng a pece
 Of *Virgils* worke in frame,
 And *Grimaold* gau the lyke attempt,
 and *Douglas* wan the Ball,
 whose famouse wyt in Scottysh ryme
 had made an ende of all.
 But all these same did *Phayre* excell,
 I dare presume to wryte,
 As muche as doth *Appolloes* Beames.
 the dymmest Starre in lyght.
 The enuyous fates (O pytie great,
 had great difdayne to fe,
 That vs amongst there shuld remayn
 so fyne a wyt as he,

And in the mydſt or all his toyle,
dyd force hym hence to wende,
And leaue a Worke vnperfyt ſo,
that neuer man ſhall ende.

¶ *An Epytaph of the Death
of Nicolas Grimaold.*

Beholde this fle-
tyng world how al things fade
Howe euery thyng
doth paſſe and weare awaye,
Eche ſtate of lyfe,
by comon course and trade,
Abydes no tyme,
but hath a paſſyng daye.
For looke as lyfe,
that plefaunt Dame hath brought,
The plefaunt yeares,
and dayes of lustynes,
So Death our Foe,
consumeth all to nought,
Enuyeng thefe,
with Darte doth vs opprefſe,
And that whiche is,
the greatest gryfe of all,
The gredye Grype,
doth no eſtate respect,
But wher he comes,
he makes them down to fall,
Ne ſtayes he at,
the hie sharpe wytted ſect.
For if that wytt,
or worthy Eloquens,
Or learnyng deape,
coulde moue hym to forbear,

O *Grimaold* then,
thou hadſte not yet gon hence
But heare hadeft fene,
full many an aged yeare.
Ne had the Mu-
ſes loſte ſo fyne a Floure,
Nor had *Miner-*
ua wept to leaue the ſo,
If wyfdomē myght
haue fled the fatall howre,
Thou hadſte not yet
ben ſuffred for to go,
A thouſande doltyſh
Geefe we myght haue ſparde,
A thouſande wytles
heads, death might haue found
And taken them,
for whom no man had carde,
And layde them lowe,
in deepe obliuious grounde,
But Fortune fa-
ours Fooles as old men ſaye
And lets them lyue,
and take the wyfe awaye.

¶ *Finis.*

S O N E T T E S.

¶ *To Mayster Alexander Nowell.*

THe Muses ioye,
and well they may to se,
So well theyr la-
boure com to good succeſſe,
That they ſuſtay-
ned long agoe in the,
Minerua ſmyles,
Phebus can do no leſſe,
But ouer all,
they chyefly do reioyſe,
That leauyng thyngs,
which are but fond and vayne,
Thou dyddeſt chufe,
(O good and happy choyſe)
In ſacred Scoles,
thy luckye yeaſes to trayne,
By whiche thou haſt
obtaynde (O happy thyng)
To learne to lyue,
whyle other wander wyde,
And by thy lyfe,
to pleafe the immortall kyng,
Then whiche ſo good,
nothyng can be applyed,
Lawe gyues the gayne,
and Physycke fyls the Purſe,
Promotions hye,
gyues Artes to many one,
But this is it,
by whiche we ſcape the Curſe,

And haue the blys
of God, when we be gone.
Is this but one-
ly Scriptures for to reade?
No, no. Not talke,
but lyfe gyues this in deade.

¶ *To Doctor Bale.*

*G*ood aged *Bale*:
¶ that with thy hoary heares
Doste yet perfyte,
to turne the paynefull Booke,
O happye man,
that haft obtaynde suche yeares,
And leavst not yet,
on Papers pale to looke,
Gyue ouer now
to beate thy weryed brayne,
And rest thy Pen
that long hath laboured foore
For aged men
vnfynt sure is suche paine,
And the beseeems
to laboure now no more,
But thou I thynke
Don Platoes part will playe
With Booke in hand,
to haue thy dyeng daye.

¶ *Finis.*

C *To M. Edwarde Cobham.*

Lde *Socrates*,
whose wysdome dyd excell,
And past the reache,
of wyfest in his tyme,
Surmounted all,
that on the earth dyd dwell,
That Craggye Hyls,
of vertue hye dyd clyme,
That *Socrates*,
my *Cobham* dyde allowe,
Eche man in youth,
hym selfe in Glasse to vew,
And wyld them oft,
to vse the same, but how?
Not to delyght,
in forme of fadyng hew.
Nor to be proude
therof, as many be,
But for to stryue,
by beautie of the mynde,
For to adourne,
the beautie he doth fe.
If warlyke forme,
Dame Nature hym assygnde,
By vertuous lyfe,
than countenaunce for to get,
That shall deface,
the fayrest of them all,
Suche Beautie as
no age nor yeares wyll fret:
That flyes with fame,
whan fyckle forme doth fayle,
Thus muche I faye,
that here to the present,

My wordes a Glasse
for the to looke vpon.
To the whom God,
in tender yeaſes hath leſt,
A towardenes,
that maye be mufed vpon,
Suche towardenes,
as in more grauer yeaſes,
Doth ſure a hope,
of greater thyngs pretende,
Thy noble mynde,
that to thy frendes appeare,
Doth ſhowe the blud,
wheroft thou doſte deſcende,
The gentlenes,
thou vſeft vnto all ſuche,
As fmalleye haue
deſerued good wyll of the,
Doth ſhowe the grace,
thou haſt that ſure is muſe,
As euer yet,
in any I dyd ſe,
That wyt as rype,
as Nature well can gyue,
Declarēs a grea-
ter hope than all the reſt,
That ſhall remayne,
to the whilſt thou doſte lyue,
In deſperate yls,
a Medycyne euer preſt.
Thy good behauour,
of thy ſelfe in place
Wherſoever that
thou chaunceſt for to lyght,
So muſt both beautie,
mynde and wyt doth grace
As well can be
requyred of any wyght.

What resteth now?
but onely God to prayse,
Of whom thou haſt
receaued theſe Gyttes of thyne,
So ſhalt thou long,
lyue heare with happye dayes,
And after Death,
the ſtarrye Skyes ſhall clyme,
Let nougtye men,
ſaye what they lyſt to the,
Trade thou thy ſelſe,
in feruyng hym aboue,
No fweter fer-
uyce can deuyſed be,
Whom yf thou feaſt,
and faythfully doſte loue,
Be ſure no thyng,
on earth ſhall the annoye,
Be ſure he wyll,
the from eche harme defende,
Be ſure thou ſhalt,
long tyme thy lyfe enioye,
And after ma-
ny yeares to haue a bleſſed ende.

¶ *Finis.*

¶ *Of Edwardes of the Chappell.*

Deuyn Camenes
that with your ſacred food,
Haue fed and fo-
ſterde vp from tender yeares,
A happye man,
that in your fauour ſtoode
Edwards in Courte
that can not fynde his feares

Your names be blest,
 that in this present age
 So fyne a head,
 by Arte haue framed out
 Whom some hereaf-
 ter helpt by Poets rage,
 Perchaunce maye matche,
 but none shall passe (no doubt)
 O *Plautus* yf
 thou wert alyue agayne,
 That Comedies
 so fynely dydste endyte.
 Or *Terence* thou
 that with thy plesaunt brayne,
 The hearers mynde
 on stage dydste much delyght.
 What wold you say
 syrs if you should beholde,
 As I haue done
 the doyngs of this man?
 No word at all
 to fweare I durst be bolde,
 But burne with teares,
 that which with myrth began,
 I meane your bookees,
 by which you gate your name,
 To be forgot,
 you wolde commit to flame.
 Alas I wolde
Edrrwards more tell thy prayse,
 But at thy name
 my muse amased stayes.

To L. Blundeston.

¶ Some men be coun-
¶ Styd wyfe that well can talke :
¶ And some because

they can eche man begyle.
Some forbecaufe
they know well chese from chalke,
And can be fure,
weepe who fo lyft to smyle.
But (Blundston) hym
I call the wyfet wyght,
Whom God gyues grace
to rule affections ryght.

*The Aunfwere of L. Blundeston
to the fame.*

Affections seekes
hygh honours frayle estate,
Affections doth
the golden meane reproue.
Affections tourns
the frendly hart to hate,
Affections breeds
without discretion Loue,
Both wyfe and
happye (*Googe*) he maye be hyght,
Whom God gyues grace,
to rule affections ryght.

C *To Alexander Neuell.*

FHe lytell Fysh,
that in the streme doth fleet
With brode forth stret-
ched Fyns for his disporte
When as he spyes,
the Fyfhes bayte so swete,
In haste he hyes,
fearynge to com to shorte,

But all to foone
 (alas) his gredy mynde,
 By rash attempt,
 doth bryng hym to his bane,
 for where he thought
 a great relyefe to fynde,
 By hydden hooke,
 the symple fole is tane.
 So fareth man,
 that wanders here and theare,
 Thynkyng no hurt
 to happen hym therbye,
 He ronnes amayne,
 to gafe on Beauties cheare,
 Takes all for golde
 that glysters in the eye,
 And neuer leaues
 to feade by lookyng long,
 On Beauties Bayte,
 where Bondage lyes enwrapt,
 Bondage that makes
 hym to syng an other song,
 And makes hym curse
 the bayte that hym entrapte.
Neuell to the,
 that louest their wanton lookes,
 Feade on the bayte,
 but yet beware the Hookes.

Alexander Neuells *Answeare to the same*

 T is not cursed *Cupids* Dart :
 Nor *Venus* cancred Spyght,
 It is not vengeaunce of the Gods
 That wretched harts doth smyght,
 With restlesse rage of carefull Loue.
 No, No, thy Force alone

Affection fond, doth styr these flames.
Thou caufest vs to mone
And waile, and curs our wretched statts.
Our thryfe vnhappy plights,
Our fighes, and powdred sobs with tears,
Our greuous gronyng Sprights,
Thy hateful Malice doth procure :
O Fancye flamynge Feend
Of Hel. For thou in outwarde shape,
And colour of a frende
Dost by thy Snares and flymed Hooks
entrap the wounded Harts :
From whence these Hellike torments spryng,
and euer greauyng Smarts.
Whence Gripe of minde, with chaunged chere
Whence face besmeard with teares.
Whence thousand mischies more, wherwith
suche Myfers liues outweares.
Our gasyng eyes on Bewties bayt
do worke our endles bane.
Our eyes I say doo worke our woo,
Our eyes procure our paine.
These are the Traps to vexed mynds
Here Gyns and Snares do lye.
Here fyre and flames by Fancie framde,
In brest doo broyle and frye.
O *Googe* the Bayte sone spyed is.
Soone vewd their wanton lookes.
Wheron to feede, and yet to shun,
The priuy lurkyng hookes,
Their pain, Their toile, Their labour is
There There lyes endles strife.
O happy than that Man account,
Whose well directed Lyfe
Can fly thosse yls, which fancy stirs,
And lyue from Bondage free.
A *Phænix* ryght on yearth (no doubtē)
A Byrde full rare to see.

¶ *To M. Henrye Cobham, of the
most blessed state of Lyfe.*

THe happyest lyfe
that here we haue,
My Cobham yf
I shall defyne,
The goodlyest state,
twyxte byrth and graue,
Most gracious
dayes and swetest tyme,
The sayrest face,
of fadyng Lyfe,
Race ryghtlyest ronne
in ruthfull wayes,
The safest meanes
to shun all stryfe :
The surest Staffe,
in fyckle Dayes :
I take not I
as fome do take,
To gape and gawne,
for Honours hye,
But Court and
Cayser to forfake,
And lyue at home,
full quyetlye,
Remembrest thou ?
what he once fayde,
Who bad, Courte not
in any case,
For Vertue is,
in Courtes decayed,
And Vyce with States,
hath chyefest place,

Not Courte but Countreye
I do iudge,
Is it wheare lyes,
the happyest lyfe,
In Countreye growes,
no gratynge grudge,
In Countreye standes
not sturdye stryfe,
In Countreye,
Bacchus hath no place,
In Countreye
Venus hath defecte,
In Countreye
Thraso hath no grace,
In Countreye
fewe of *Gnatoes* Secte.
But these iame foure
and many more,
In Courte,
thou shalt be sure to fynde,
For they haue vowed,
not thence to goe,
Bycause in Courte,
dwels ydle mynde.
In Countreye
mayste thou safelye rest,
And fyfe all these,
yf that thou lyfste,
The Countrey therfore,
iudge I best,
Where godly lyfe,
doth vyce resyfte,
Where vertuous
exercyse with ioye,
Doth spende the yeares
that are to run,
Where Vyces fewe,
maye the annoye,
This lyfe is best
whan all is done.

¶ *To Alexander Neuell of the
bleffed State of him that
feeles not the force of
Cupids flames.*

AS ofte as I
remembre with my self,
The Fancies fonde,
that flame by foolysh Loue,
And marke the Furyes
fell, the blynded elfe
And Venus she
that raynes so fore aboue,
As ofte as I
do fe the wofull state,
Of Louers all,
and eake their myferye,
The ones defy-
ryng mynde the others hate,
Trothe with the one,
with the other Trecherye,
So ofte fay I,
that blessed in the wyght,
Yea *Neuell* bleſt,
and double bleſt agayne,
That can by rea-
ſon rule hys mynde a ryght,
And take ſuche foo-
lyſh fadyngē toyes for vayne.

¶ *Alexander Neuells Awneſwere
to the fame.*

THe plunged mind in fluds of griefs
The Sences drowned quyght,
The Hart opprest. The flesh confumēd
The chaunged ſtate outright.

The Body dried by brolyng blasē,
Of preuy schorchyng Flame.
The doulfull Face. The countnaunce fad
The drowping Courage tame.
The Scaldyng syghes. The greeuous groones
The burning rage of fyre
The ernest sute. The fruitles Toyle.
The deepe and hot Desyre,
The Braynes quight brusd and crusht with Cares.
The euer duryng foore.
The very paynes of Hell it self,
with thoufande mischyefes moore,
Which wounded Harts enflamed with Loue
with Gryefe do ouerflow,
And works theyr endles plague and spight
Tyll Death from thence do growe.
All these conclude him bleſt (my *Googe*)
And trible bleſt agayne,
That taught bi tract of Time can take
Such fadyng Toyes for vayne.

C To Mayſtreſſe A.

SYnce I ſo long haue lyved in pain
and burnt for loue of the,
O(O cruel hart) doſte thou no more
eſteame the Loue of me,
Regardſt thou not, the health of hym ?
that the, aboue the reſt
Of Creatures all, and next to God
hath deareſt in his breft.
Iſ pytie placed from the ſo farre
iſ gentlenes exylde ?
Haſt thou ben foſtred in the Caues,
of Wolues or Lyons wylde ?
Haſt thou ben ſo ? why then no force,
the leſſe I meruayle I,
Such as the Damme, ſuche is the yong
experyence trewe doth trye.

Syth thou art of so fyerce a mynde,
 why dyd not God then place
 In the, with suche a Tygers Harte,
 a fowle yll fauerde face?
 Sure for no other ende but that,
 he lykes no Louers trade,
 And the therfore a ragynge Fende,
 an Angels face hath made.
 Suche one as thou, was *Gorgon* ones
 as auncient Poets tell,
 Who with her Beautie mazed men,
 and nowe doth raygne in Hell,
 But mercye yet, of the I craue,
 yf ought in the remayne,
 And let me not so long the force,
 of flamynge fyre fustayne,
 Let pytie ioynde with beautie be,
 so shall I not dysdayne,
 My blud, my hart, my lyfe to spende
 with toyle, with stryfe, and payne,
 To do the good, my breath to loose,
 yf nede shall so requyre,
 But for my seruyce and my paynes,
 thou gyuest me hate for hyre.
 Well now take this for ende of all,
 I loue and thou doste hate,
 Thou lyuest in pleasures happily.
 and I in wretched state.
 Paynes can not last for euermore,
 but tyme and ende wyll trye,
 And tyme shall tell me in my age,
 How youth led me awrye.
 Thy face that me tormented, so,
 in tyme shall sure decaye,
 And all that I do lyke or loue,
 shall vanysh quyte awaye,
 Thy face in tyme shall wrynkled be,
 at whiche I shall be glad,

To see thy forme transformed thus,
that made me once so sad,
Than shall I blame my foly moch
and thanke the mightyest kyng
That hath me sauad tyll such a daye,
to se so fonde a thyng.
And tyll that tyme I wyll keepe close
my flames and let them blase,
All secretly within my brest,
no man on me shall gase.
I wyll not trespassse synfully,
for God shall geue me grace
To se the tyme wherin I shall
neglecte thy folysh face,
And tyll that tyme adieu to thee,
God keepe thee far from me,
And fende thee in that place to dwell,
that I shall neuer see.

¶ *To George Holmeden of a
ronnynge Heade.*

 He greatest vyce
that happens vnto men,
And yet a vyce,
that many comon haue,
As auncient Wryters
waye with sobre Pen,
Who gaue theyr doome,
by force of wysdom graue,
The forest mayme,
the greatest euyll fure,
The vylest plague
that Students can fustayne,
And that whiche moste
doth ygnoraunce procure.
My *Holmeden* is
to haue a ronnynge Brayne,

For who is he
 that leades more restles lyfe,
 Or who can euer
 lyue more yll bestead?
 In fyne who lyues,
 in greater Care and stryfe,
 Then he that hath,
 fuche an vnstedfast hedde:
 But what is this?
 me thynkes I heare the fay,
 Phyfition take,
 thine owne disease away.

¶ *To the Translation of Pallin.*

 *T*He labour fwete,
 that I sustaynde in the,
 (O *Pallingen*)
 when I tooke Pen in hande,
 Doth greue me now,
 as ofte as I the se,
 But halfe hewd out
 before myne eyes to stande,
 For I must needes
 (no helpe) a whyle go toyle,
 In Studyes, that
 no kynde of muse delyght.
 And put my Plow,
 in grosse vntyllled foyle,
 And labour thus,
 with ouer weryed Spryght,
 But yf that God,
 do graunt me greater yeares.
 And take me not
 from hence, before my tyme,
 The Muses nyne,
 the pleasaunt synging feares

Shall so enflame
my mynde with lust to ryme,
That *Palingen*
I wyll not leaue the so,
But fynysh the
accordyng to my mynd.
And yf it be
my chaunce away to go,
Let some the ende,
that heare remayne behynde.

¶ *The Harte absent.*

¶ Wete muse tell me,
¶ wher is my hart becom,
¶ For well I feele,
it is from hence a way,
My Sences all,
doth forrow so benumme:
That absent thus,
I can not lyue a Day.
I know for troth,
there is a spacyall Place,
Wher as it most,
defyreth for to bee:
For Oft it leaues,
me thus in Dolfull case,
And hether commes,
at length a gayne to me?
Woldest thou so fayne,
be tolde where is thy Harte
Sir Foole in place,
wher as it shuld not be:
Tyed vp so fast,
that it can neuer starte?
Tyll Wysdom get,
agayne thy Lybertye:
In place wher thou,

as safe maist dwel swet daw?
 As may the harte,
 ly by the Lyons paw:
 And wher for thee,
 as much be sure they passe:
 As dyd the master
 ons for *Ejops* Asse.

¶ To Alexander Neuell.

F thou canſt baniſh Idle nes,
Cupides Bowe is broke, *Ouid.*
 And well thou mayſt dyspyſe hiſ bronds
 cleane void of flame and ſmoke
 What moued the Kynge *Agiftus* ons,
 to Loue with vyle exceſſe:
 The cauſe at hand doth ſtraiſt apeare
 he lyued in Idlenes.

Finis.

¶ The Aunſwere of A. Neuell to the ſa

F He lack of labour mayms ye mind,
 And wyt and Reaſon quyght exiles.
F And Reaſon fled. Flames Fancy blind.
 And Fancy ſhe forthwith beguyles
 The Senfles wight: that twiſtly fails
 Through deepeſt fluds of vyle exces.
 Thus vice abounds. Thus vertu quails
 By meaneſ of drowfy Idlenes.

¶ To Mayſtreſſe D.

N Ot from the hye *Cytherion* Hyll
 nor from that Ladies throne
 From whens flies forth ye winged boy

yat makes some sore to grone.
But nearer hence this token coms,
from out the Dongeon deepe,
Where neuer Plutto yet dyd raygne
nor Proserpyn dyd sleepe.
Wheras thy faithful Seruaunt liues.
whom duetie moues aryght,
To wayle that he so long doth lacke,
his owne deare Maystres syght.

¶ Out of an olde Poet.

FYe Fye, I lothe
to speake wylt thou my lust,
Compell me nowe,
to doo so foule an acte.
Nay rather God
with Flame consume to dust.
My carryon vyle,
then I perfourme this facte.
Let rather thoughtes,
that long, haue weryed me :
Or sycknes fuche
as Fancye fonde hath brought,
O gapyng Hell,
dryne me now downe to the,
Let boylyng sygnes,
consume me all to nought.

GNs musynge as I fat,
and Candle burnynge bye,
When all were husht I myght discern
a symple felye Flye.
¶ That flewe before myne eyes,
with free reioysyng Hart,
And here and there, with wings did play
as voyde of payne and smart,

¶ Somtyme by me she sat,
when she had playde her fyll,
And euer when she rested had
aboute she flyttered styll.
¶ When I perceyued her well,
reioysyng in her place,
O happye Flye quoth I, and eake,
O worme in happye case.
¶ Whiche two of vs is best?
I that haue reason? no:
But thou that reason art without
and therwith voyde of woe.
¶ I lyue and so doste thou,
but I lyue all in payne,
And Subiect am to her alas,
that makes my Gryefe her gayne.

[The following lines are added to this Poem, in the *Faultes etc.*
at the end of the original Edition.]

¶ Thou lyuest, but feelst no gryefe,
no Loue doth the torment,
A happye thynge for me it were,
If God were so content.
That thou with Pen, wert placed here
and I sat in thy place,
Then I shuld Ioye as thou doft nowe
and thou shuldest wayle thy case.

When I do heare thy name,
alas my hart doth ryse:
And seekes fourthwith to se the value
that most contentes myne eys.
But when I se thy Face,
that hath procured my payne,

Then boyles my blud in euery part,
and beates in euery vayne?
Thy voice when I do heare,
then colour comes and goes,
some tyme as pale as Earth I looke,
some tyme as red as Rose.
f thy sweete Face do smyle,
then who so well as I?
f thou but cast a scornefull looke,
then out alas I dye.
But styll I lyue in payne,
my fortune wylleth so,
That I shuld burne and thou yet know,
no whytt of all my wo.

Nhappye tonge
why dydste thou not consent
When fyrst myne eyes
dyd vewe that Princely face,
To shew good wyll,
that hart opprest than ment.
And whylst tyme was,
to fewe for present grace.
O fayntyng Hart,
why dydft thou then conceale?
Thyne inwarde Fyers,
that flamde in euery vayne,
Whan pytie and
gentlenes, were bent to heale.
Why dydft thou not,
declare thy ragyng payne?
When well thou myghtft
haue moued her gentle mynde,
Why dydste thou than,
kepe backe thy wofull playn?

Thou knewste full well,
 redres is hard to fynde,
 Whan in thy owne
 affayres, thy corage faynts.
 But synce the is
 gon, bewaile thy grief no moore
 Syncse thou thy selfe,
 wart Caufer of the Soore.

¶ *Oculi augent dolorem.*
 Out of syght, out of mynd.

¶ He oftener sene, the more I lust,
 The more I lust, the more I smart
 The more I smart, the more I trust,
 The more I trust, the heauyer hart,
 The heuy hart, breedes myne vnrest,
 Thy absence therfore, lyke I best.

The rarer sene, the lesse in mynde,
 The lesse in mynde, the lesser payne,
 The lesser payne, lesse gryefe I fynd,
 The lesser gryefe, the greater gayne,
 The greater gayne, the meryer I,
 Therfore I wysh thy syght to flye.

The further of, the more I ioye.
 The more I ioye, the happyer lyfe,
 The happyer lyfe, lesse hurts annoye
 The lesser hurts, pleasure most ryfe,
 Suche pleasures ryfe, shall I obtayne
 When Distaunce doth depart vs twaine.

¶ *Finis.*

Accuse not God, yf fancie fond,
do moue thy foolysh brayne,
To wayle for loue, for thou thy selfe,
art cause of all thy Payne.

¶ *Finis.*

Two Lynes shall tell the Gryefe
that I by Loue fustayne.
I I burne, I flame, I faynt, I fryse,
of Hell I feele the Payne.

¶ *Of the unfortunate choyse
of his Valentyne.*

THe Paynes that all the Furyes fell
can cast from Lymbo lake,
Eche Torment of thosse Hellish brains
wher crawleth mani a snake,
Eche mischiefe that therin doth lye
eche smart that may be founde,
Flye from thosse feendish clawes a whyle
with flames breake vp the grunde,
Lyght here vpon this cursed hand,
make here your dwellyng place,
And plague the part, yat durst presume
his Mayster to disgrace.
Which thrust amoneg a nombre of:
so many princely names,
And wher thy Maistres had her place
amongst the chiefest Dames,
Durste thus presume to leue her there
and drawe a straunger wyght,
And by thyne owne vnhappy draught
torment my pauled Spryght.

¶ *The vncertayntie of Lyfe.*

NO vayner thing ther can be found
 amyd this vale of stryfe,
CAs Auncient men reporte haue made
 then trusfe vncertayne lyfe.
 This tr[e]we we dayly fynde,
 by proofes of many yeares,
 And many tymes the trothe is tryed,
 by losse of frendly fears,
 Hope who so lyft in lyfe
 hath but vncertayne stay.
 As tayle of Ele that harder held,
 doth sooner flyde away.
 When least we thynk therof,
 most neare approcheth it.
 And sodaynly posses the place,
 wher lyfe before did fytt:
 How many haue byn seen,
 in Helth to go to rest,
 And yet eare mornynge tyde haue ben,
 with Cruell Death opprest,
 How many in their meales,
 Haue Ioyfully ben fett,
 That sodaynly in all their Feaste,
 hath yealded Earth theyr dett.
 Syth thus the lyfe is nougnt,
 that in this world we trust,
 And that for all the pompe and Pryde,
 the Bodie tournes to dust:
 Hope for the lyfe a boue,
 whiche far furmounteth all.
 With vertuous mind await the time
 When God, for vs doth call.

¶ *A Refusall.*

FYth Fortune faoures not
and al thynges backward go,
And syth your mynd, hath so decreed,
to make an end of woe.
Syth now is no redresse,
but hence I must a way,
Farwele I waſt no vayner wordes,
I Hope for better day.

¶ *Of Maistres D.S.*

THy fyled wordes,
yat from thy mouth did flow
Thy modeſt looke
with gesture of *Diane*.
Thy curteous mynde,
and althynges framed ſo.
As anſwered well,
vnto thy vertuous fame,
The gentlenes
that at thy handes I founde
In ſtraungers houſe,
all vnaquaynted I,
Good S. hath
my Hart to the ſo bounde,
That from the can
it not be forced to flye,
In pledge wheroſt,
my feruyce here I gyue
Yf thou ſo wylte
to ferue the whylſt I lyue.

¶ Of Money.

GYue Money me, take
 Frendshyp who so lyft,
 For Frends are gon
 come once Aduersytie,
 When Money yet
 remayneth safe in Chest,
 That quickely can the
 bryng from myferye,
 Fayre face showe frendes,
 whan ryches do habounde,
 Come tyme of proofe,
 farewell they must awaye,
 Beleue me well,
 they are not to be founde.
 If God but fende
 the once a lowryng daye.
 Golde neuer starts
 afyde, but in dystres,
 Fyndes wayes enoughe,
 to ease thyne heuynes.

¶ Goyng towardes Spayne.

Farewell thou fertyll foyle,
 that Brutus fyrt out founde,
 When he poore foule, was driuen clean
 from out his Countrey ground.
 That Northward layst thy lusty sides
 amyd the ragyng Seas.
 Whose welthy Land doth foster vpp,
 thy people all in ease,
 While others scrape and carke abroad,
 theyr symple foode to gett.

And selye Soules toke all for good,
that commeth to the Net.
Which they with painfull paynes do py[n]ch.
in barrain burning Realmes :
While we haue all with out restreint
a mong thy welthy streames.
O blest of God thou Pleasaunt Ile,
where welth her self doth dwell:
Wherin my tender yeares I past
I byd thee now farewell.
For Fancy dryues me forth abrode,
and byds me take delyght,
In leuyng thee and raungyng far,
to see some straunger syght.
And sayth I was not framed heare
to lyue at home with eas:
But passyng forth for knowledge sake
to cut the fomyng feas.

¶ At Bonyuall in Fraunce.

 Fond affectyon
wounder of my Hart,
When wylt thou Cease,
to breed my restles payne,
When comes the end,
of this my Cruell smart:
When shall my force,
beate backe thy force agayne.
When shall I faye,
this restles rage of myne :
By Reason ruld,
is banyfht quyght a way,
And I escaped,
these cruell bondes of thyne:
O flamynge feend,
that seakest my decaye.

Safe thynkyng I,
Charibdis Rage to flye,
 On Scylla Rocke,
 in Bonyuall I dye.

¶ *Commynge home warde out of Spayne.*

 Ragynge Seas,
 and myghty Neptunes rayne,
 In monstros Hylles,
 that throwest thy felte so hye,
 That wyth thy fludes,
 doest beate the shores of Spayne :
 And breake the Clyues,
 that dare thy force enuie.
 Cease now thy rage,
 and laye thyne Ire a syde,
 And thou that hast,
 the gouernaunce of all,
 O myghty God,
 grant Wether Wynd and Tyde,
 Tyll on my Coun-
 treye Coast, our Anker fall.

¶ *To L. Blundeston of Ingratitude.*

 He lytell Byrde,
 the tender Marlyon,
 That vfeth ofte
 vpon the Larke to praye,
 With great reproche,
 doth stayne the mynde of man
 If all be true,
 that Wryters of her saye.
 For she a Creature,
 maymde of Reafons parte,
 And framde to lyue
 accordynge to her kynde,

Doth feme to foster
Reason in her Hart
And to aspyre
vnto Deuyner mynde.
when Hungers rage
she hath exyled quyte,
And supped well
as falleth for her state.
The selye Larke,
doth take by force of flyght,
And hyes to tree,
where as she lodged late,
And on the trem-
blyng Byrde all nyght she stondes,
To keepe her feete,
from force of nyppynge colde,
The amazed Wretche,
within her ennemyes handes,
And closed fast,
within the claspyng holde.
Awayteth Death,
with drowfye drowpyng Hart,
And all the nyght
with feare drawes on her lyfe,
The gentle Byrde,
whan darkenes doth departe
Doth not depryue,
the selye soule of lyfe,
Nor fylles with her
her hungred egre brest
But wayeng well,
the feruycē she hath done.
To spyll the Blud,
her Nature doth detest,
And from so great
a Cryme, her selfe doth shun.
She lets her go
and more with stedfast eyes.
Beholds whiche way

she takes with mazed flight,
 And in thofe partes
 that Daye ſhe neuer flyes
 Leaſt on that Byrde
 agayne ſhe chaunce to lyght.
 Loe, *Blundſton* heare
 how kyndenes doth habounde,
 In felye Soules
 where Reaſon is exylde,
 This Byrde alone
 ſuffyseth to confounde,
 The Brutyſh myndes
 of men that are defylded,
 With that great Vice,
 that vyle and haynous Cryme
 Ingratitude
 (whiche ſome vnkynedenes call.)
 That Poyfon ſtrong
 that ſpryngeth flyll with tyme,
 Tyll at the length,
 it hath infected all.

¶ *The Aunſwere of L. Blundefton
 to the fame.*

THis Mirrour left
 of this thy Byrde I fynde,
 Hath not ſuche force,
 to enter in the Hert,
 To roote away
 Vnthankefulnes of minde,
 As others haue,
 the Vertues to peruert,
 (ſo prone we are to Vice :)
 The Tenche by kynd
 hath Salue for euery Soore,
 And heales the may-
 med Pike in his dyſtrefſe,

The Churlysh Pike
for gentlenes therfore,
In his rewarde,
doth cruellye exprefse.
His murdring mynde,
his fylthy fpotted fayth,
When hungre prickes
to fyll his gredye Iawes,
He grypes his poore
Chyrurgion vnto death.
Who late to hym
of lyfe was onely cause.
Thy Merlians haue
fewe Ayryes in our ground
But Pikes haue Spawnes
good stoore in euery Pound.

¶ To the Tune of Appelles.

THe rushyng Ryuers that do run
The valeys sweet adourned new
That leans their fides against ye Sun
with Flours fresh of fundry hew,
Both Afhe and Elme, and Oke fo hye,
Do all lament my wofull crye.

while winter blak, with hydious stormes
Doth spoile ye ground of Sommers grene,
while springtime sweet ye leaf returns
That late on tree could not be fene,
while somer burns while haruest rains
Stil styl do rage my restles paynes.

No ende I find in all my smart,
But endles torment I sustayne
Sync e fyrst alas, my wofull Hart
By fight of the was forst to playne,
Sync e that I lost my Lybertie,
Sync e that thou madste a Slaue of me

My Hart that once abroade was free
 Thy Beautie hath in durance brought
 Ons reason rulde and guyded me,
 And how is wyt consumde with thought
 Ons I reiroyfed aboue the Skye,
 And now for the I alas I dye.

Ons I reiroyfed in Companye,
 And now my chief and whole delyght
 Is from my frendes awaye to fye
 And keepe alone my weryed spryght
 Thy face deuyne and my defyre,
 From flesh hath me transformed to fyre.

O Nature thou that fyrst dyd frame,
 My Ladyes heare of purest Golde
 Her face of Crystall to the same.
 Her lippes of precious Rubyes molde
 Her necke of Alablaſter whyte
 Surmountyng far eche other Wight

Why dydſt thou not that tyme deuife
 Why dydſt thou not foreſe before?
 The mischyfe that therof doth ryſe,
 And grief on grief doth heap with stor
 To make her Hart of Wax alone,
 And not of Flynt and Marble Stone.

O Lady ſhowe thy fauour yet,
 Let not thy Seruaunt dye for the
 Where Rygour rulde, let Mercy syt
 Let Pytie Conquere Crueltie
 Let not Difdain, a Feend of Hell,
 Posſes the place, wher Grace ſhould dwell.

CUPIDO CONQUERED.



He sweetest time of al the yeare
it was when as the Sonne,
Had newly entred *Gemini*,
and warmyng heate begun :
Whan euery tre was clothed greene,
and flowers fayre dyd shew,
And when the whyt and blowmynge
on Hawthorns thicke did grow,
Whan sore I longd to seeke a broade,
to se some Pleasaunt syght,
A mid my woes and heauye happenes,
that myght my Mynde delyght,
Care wold not let me byde within
but forst me foorth to go :
And bad me seeke fume present helpe,
for to relyue my wo.
Than forward went I foorth in haste,
to vew the garnysh trees?
What tyme the Son was mounted vp,
twixt nyne and ten degrees.
From Flowers flew sweete ayers abroad,
delighting much my brayn,
With syght and smels gan forow fade,
and Ioy returne agayne.
So that in mynde I much reioyce,
to feele my self so lyght:
For gorgyous syghtes and odours sweet
had new reuyued my spryght.
Befyde the pleasaunt Harmonye,
that syngyng Byrdes did make:
Bad me pul vpp my Hart agayne,
and sorrow fone forfake.
For though (quoth *Reaſon.*) ſhe be gon
on whom thy Lyfe dependes,

Yet fond it is to carke and care
 where there is none amendes.
 Thus foorth I went, and in the grooues
 I raunged heare and theare,
 Wheras I hard fuche pleasaunt tunes
 as Heauen had ben neare.
 I thynke that if *Amphion* hadde,
 ben prefent ther to playe,
 Or if Sir *Orpheus* myght haue held,
 his Harp, that present day.
 Or if *Apollo* with his Lute,
 had ftryuen to excell,
 None of them all, by Musycke sholde,
 haue borne away the Bell.
 I rather iudge the thracian wold,
 his Harpe wherwith he played,
 Haue cast a way as one whom Ire,
 had vterly dismayed.
 Such passyng tunes of sundry Byrds,
 I neuer herd before,
 The further I went in the Woods.
 the noyse resounded more.
 O happy Byrdes quoth I what lyfe,
 is this that you do leade,
 How far from Care and myfery,
 How far from Feare and dread:
 With what reioysyng melodie,
 passe you this fadyng Lyfe,
 While Man vnhappiest creatur liues
 In wretched toyle and ftryfe.
 Styll foorth I went and wonderd at,
 this pleasaunt Harmony.
 And gased at these lytle Fooles,
 that made fuche Melody:
 Tyll at the length I gan to spye,
 a stately Lawrell tree,
 So plast and fett in such a guyfe,
 That as it seamed to me,

Dame Nature stroue to shew her self
in plantyng such a thyng,
For Euen out besyde the rocke,
a fountayne cleane did spryng,
Where in the water I beheld,
refembled wonderous trew,
The Whyte and Greene of al the trees,
adourned late of new.
And how in order eake they stood,
a goodly fyght to se,
And there I might discerne the Byrds
that songe in evry tree.
To moue the Byll and shake the wings
in vterynge Musicke sweete
And heare and thear, to fyge to feade,
and estesones theare to meete.
Great pleasure had I there to byde,
and stare vpon the Spryng,
For why me thought it dyd furmount,
eache other kynde of thyng.
Now was the Son got vp aloft,
and raught the mydle Lyne,
And in the Well, the Golden Gooobe,
with flamynge Beames dyd shyne,
Wherof the Bryghtnes was so great.
that I might not endure,
Lenger to looke within the Spryng,
whose waters were so pure.
Vnwyllyng went I thence away,
and vnderneath the tree,
I laid me down whose braunches brode
dyd keepe the Son from me.
Thynkyng to rest me there a whyle,
tyll fallyng some degrees
Syr Phebus shuld haue hyd hym self,
behynde the shadowyng trees,
And then for to haue vewd the Spring,
and marked euery place,

And seene yf there I could haue spied
 the weepyng *Biblis* face.
 For sure I thynke, it was the place,
 wherein *Narcissus* dyed,
 Or els the Well, to which was turnd
 poore *Biblis* whyle she cryed.
 But whether it was werynes,
 with labour that I tooke,
 Or Fume yat from the Spryng dyd ryse,
 wherin I late dyd looke.
 Or yf it were the sweete accorde
 that syngyng Byrdes dyd keepe,
 Or what it was, I knowe no whit
 but I fell fast a sleepe.
 I thynke the woddy Nimpes agreed
 that I shuld haue this chaunce,
 And that it was theyr pleasure so,
 to shewe me thyngs in traunce.
 Whilste I lay thus in flumbre deepe,
 I myght perceyue to stande,
 A Person clothed all in whyte,
 that held a Rod in hande.
 Whiche was me thought of Maffey Golde.
 I knew it very weale,
 For that was it, made *Argos* sleepe,
 whyle he dyd *Io* steale.
 When I perceaued by his attyre,
 that it was *Mercuri*.
 My Hart at fyrist began to faynt,
 yet at the length quoth I
 Thou Goddesse Son, why standste you there
 what busines now with thee,
 What meanest you in thy flying weed,
 For to appeare to me,
 And therwithall my thought I staied,
 and could no farther speake,
 For Feare did force my speech to fayle,
 and Courage waxed weake.

Which whan the fone of *Maia* fawe,
he tooke me by the hand,
Looke vp quoth he be not affrayed:
but boldly by me stand.
The Muses all of *Helicon*,
haue sent me now to thee:
Whom thou doest serue and whose you sekst
For euer more to be.
And thankes to the by me they sende,
Bycause thou tookest payne,
In theyr Affaires (a thankeles thyng)
to occupie thy Brayne.
Desyring thee not for to staye,
for *Momus* ill report,
But endyng that thou hast begun,
to spyte the Canckred sorte.
And thynk not thou, that thou art he,
that canst escape Disdayne,
The day shall come when thankfull men,
shall well accept thy Paine,
But rather lay before thyne eyes,
the hie attemptes of those,
Whose flatly style with painfull prooфе,
theyr worthy wyties disclose,
Marke him that thundred out ye deeds
Of olde *Archises* fun,
Whose English verſe gyues *Maroes* grace,
In all that he hath done,
Whose death the *Muses* sorrow much,
that lacke of aged dayes,
Amongest the common Brytons old,
should hynder *Virgilis* prayſe.
Mark him yat hath wel framde a Glaffe
for ſtares to looke vpon,
Whose labour ſhews the ends of them
that lyued long a gone.
Marke hym that showes ye Tragedies
thyne owne famylyar Frende,

By whom ye Spaniards hawty Style
 in Englysh Verse is pende.
 Marke these same three, and other moe,
 whose doyngs well are knowne,
 Whose fayre attempts in euery place
 The flying fame hath blowne,
 Hast thou not harde, thyself in place
 full ofte and many a tyme,
 Lo here the Auctor loseth grace,
 Loe here a doltysh Ryne,
 Now syth that they haue this reward
 who passe the euen as farre,
 As in the nyght *Diana* doth,
 Excell the dimmest Starre.
 Take thou no scorne at euyll tongs,
 what neadst thou to disdayne?
 Syth they whom none can well amend
 haue lyke fruyte of theyr Payne.
 Moreouer yet the Ladyes nyne,
 haue all commaunded me,
 Bycause they know, the blynded God
 hath some thyng pearced the.
 To leade the foorth, a thyng to see,
 yf all thyngs happen ryght,
 Whiche shall gyue the occasion good,
 with ioyfull mynde to wryght.
 To this, I wold haue answered fayne
 and theare began to speake,
 But as my words were commyng forth
 my purpose he dyd breake.
 Come on (quoth he) none Aunswere now
 we maye no lenger staye.
 But frame thy selfe, to flye abroade,
 for hence we must awaye.
 And here withall, on both my sydes,
 two wyngs me thought dyd growe,
 Of mighty breadth, away went he,
 and after hym I flowe.

And euer as we mounted vp,
I lookte vpon my wyngs,
And prowde I was, me thought to see
suche vnacquaynted thyngs.
Tyll foorth we flewe, my Guyde and I,
with mowntyng flyght apace,
Beholdyng Ryuers, woods, and Hyles
and many a goodly place.
Till at the length methought I might
a Gorgyous Castell spye,
Thear downe began my guyd to fall,
and downward eake fell I,
Lo heare the place where you must light
Gan *Mercury* to faye,
Farwell and note what thou doost se,
for I must hence away.
And with this same a way flewe he,
and lefte me there alone,
Wher as with Feare a masde I stood,
and thus began to mone.
Alas where am I now become,
what Cursed Chaunce hath blown,
Me from the place where I was bred,
to Countreis heare vnknown,
What ment that fell vnhappy Feend,
that *Maia* brought to lyght,
To bring me from my Hartes desyre,
to see thys dolefull syght.
Vnhappy Wretche, I wolde I hadde,
his Person heare in hand,
Then shuld I wreak mine Ire of him.
that brought me to this Land.
But all to late alas I wysh,
for words auayle not nowe,
Tis best to learne what place it is,
and yet I knowe not howe.
Alas that here were *Ptholome*,
with Compasse Globe in hande,

Whose Arte shuld shewe me true the place,
and Clymate where I stande,
Well yet what soeuer chaunce theron
what soeuer Realme it be,
Yon Castell wyll I vysyte sure,
hap what hap wyll to me.
Thus much me thought alone I spoke
and then I forewarde went,
And cursed eke an hundred folde,
them that me thyther sent.
Thus to the Castell, straignt I came,
whiche when I vewde aboute,
And sawe the workinmanshyp therof
full gorgeouflye set oute.
I entred in, with fearefull Harte,
muche doutyng howe to speede,
But euer hope of happye chaunce,
my heauye Hart dyd feede.
Wyde was the Courte and large within
the walles were rayfed hye,
And all engraued with Storyes fayre
of costlye Imagrye.
There myght I se, with wondrous Arte,
the Picture porturde playne,
Of olde *Orion* Hunter good,
whom Scorpions vyle had slayne.
And by hym stooode his Borspeare and
his other Instruments,
His Net, his Darte, his Courfar, and
his Hunters restyng Tents.
And vnder hym was wrytten fayre.
in Letters all of Golde,
Here lies he slain, with Scorpions sting,
vnhappy wretche that wolde,
Haue forced the Ladye of this forte
with slayne of Royaltie.
To haue consented to his wyll,
in fylthy Lecherye.

Wherfore beware that enters here,
what soeuer man thou art?
Accounte thy selfe but lost, yf that
thou bearste a lecherous Hart.
When I had vewd these wrytten lines
and markde the Storye well,
I ioyed muche, for why I knew,
Diana there dyd dwell.
Diana she that Goddesse is,
of Virgyns sacred mynde,
By whom *Orion* Hunter wylde,
his Fatall ende dyd fynde.
Next vnto hym, I myght beholde,
Acteon wofull wyght,
In what a manner, all to torne.
his cruell Dogs hym dyght.
There might be seene, theyr gredye mouths
with Maisters blud embrued,
And all his owne vnhappye men,
that fast theyr Lorde pursued.
And many Storyes more there war
engraued: to long to tell
What fearefull haps to many men,
for lust vncleane befell.
Thus as I stoode with musyng mind
beholdyng all thyngs theare,
In ruseth at the Gate behynde
a Post with heauy cheare.
Into the Hall with haste he hyes
and after folowed I,
To here what kynde of Newes he brought
or what he ment therby.
He passyng through the Hall in hast,
at entraunce neuer stayed,
But blowyng fast for want of breath,
as one almoste dismayed.
Approcht in Prefence to the fyght
of chaste *Dianaes* face,

That all encompaste rounde aboute
 with Virgyns in that place,
 In loftye Chayre of hye estate
 dyd syt, all clothde in whyte,
 Of Syluer hewe, that shynyng gauе,
 me thought, a gorgeous syght.
 There dyd I se, fayre *Dido* Queene
 and fayre *Hisphele*,
 And next to them *Lucretia* sat,
 and chaste *Penelope*.
 But these fame foure, no Bowes dyd beare
 for Virgyns sacred state,
 They had forsaken long ago,
 and ioynde with faythfull Mate.
 On the other syde, sat all the forte
 of fayre *Dianes* trayne,
 Whose trade with toyle amongst the woods
 was euer bent to payne.
 Whose sacred minds, were ner defyld
 with any wanton lust,
 Whiche neuer could the fyckle state,
 of Louers fancye truste.
 The chyefe of them was *Ismenis*,
 Whom best *Diana* loued,
 And next in place sat *Hyale*,
 whom neuer Fancye moued,
 Next vnto them sat *Nipha* fayre,
 a Gemme of Chastyte,
 And next to her sat *Phyale*,
 not basest in degree,
 Behynde them all, of passyng forme,
 fayre *Rhanis* held her place,
 And nye to her I myght discerne
 Dame *Plecas* shynyng face,
 These Prynсely Nymphes accompanied
Diana in her Baynes,
 Whyle as in shape of Stagge poore wretche
Acton had his paynes,

Aboue them all I myght beholde,
as placed before the rest,
Hipolitus whom *Phedraes* spyte ?
most Cruelly had dreſt.
Hipolitus the vnſpotted Pearle :
of pure Virginitie,
Whose noble Hart culd not agre,
to ſtepmames vyllany.
Next vnto hym fat Continence,
and next was Labour placed ?
Of bodie bygge and ſtrong he was,
and ſomwhat Crabtre faced.
Next hym was placed Abſtinence,
a leane vnwyldy wyght,
Whose Diet thyn had banift cleane,
all fond and vayne delyght.
A Thousand more me thought ther war
whose names I dyd not know,
And yf I did to longe it were,
in Verſes them to ſhow.
Down of his knees the messenger
before them al doth fall,
And vnto chaſt *Diana* thear,
for ſuccour thus doth call.
O Goddesſe chife of Chaſtitie,
and Sacred Virgins mynd:
Let Pitie from your noble Hart :
redrefſe for Mifers fynd.
Let not our weryed Hartes sustaine,
ſuche wrongfull Tyranye ?
Quench quickly now the fyrie flames
of open Iniurye.
This ſayd for Feare he ſtaied awhyle,
and than began agayne,
A mighty Prynce (quoth he) is com,
with great vnruly trayne.
All armed well at euery poynt.
(a dredefull fyght to fe :)

And euery man in feates of armes,
 ryght skylfull all they be.
 The Captaine chyfe in Charyot ryde
 with pompe and flately Pryde :
 With Bow in hand of glistering gold,
 and Quyuer by his syde.
 Wher many a shaft full sharp doth ly :
 and many a mortall Darte,
 That hath with poysoned force destroid,
 Full many a yealdyng Harte.
 He entred hath within your Realme,
 and taken many a Forte,
 Hath fakte them all, and spoylde them quyte
 and slayne a wondrous forte.
 In straungeſt guyſe, for where he ſhoots
 the wounde doth feſter ſtyll
 And all the Surgians that we haue
 can not remoue the yll,
 In lytell tyme the gryefe fo fore,
 doth grove in euery parte,
 Deſtraynyng through the venomed vaines
 doth fo torment the Hart.
 That ſome to ryd them felues therof
 in fluds full deepe they leape,
 And drown nem felues fom downward falles
 from Hoſes hye by heape,
 Some Anker caſt on croſſed Beames
 to ryd them felues from ſtryfe,
 And hang them felues full thycke on trees
 to ende a wretched lyfe.
 And they whose fearefull myndſ dare not
 thus make an ende of wo,
 With greuous flames, conſumyng long
 theyr lyfe at length forgo.
 Loe here the Somme of all I haue,
 this Tygre vs anoyes,
 And cruellve hath ſpoyleſ vs,
 of all our wonted ioyes.

Whom yf your Grace do not repuls,
and fynde some present staye,
Vndoubtedly he wyll wyn this Realme,
and take vs all awaye.
At this, the Ladyes all amazde
for feare dyd looke full pale,
And all beheld with mazed eyes,
the Wretche that tolde the tale.
Tyll at the length *Hipolitus*
of Hart and courage hye,
Nothyng abashde, with sodain newes
began thus to repley.
Caste fere away, faire Dames (quoth he)
dismaye your felues no more,
I know by whom this mischief spryngs
and know a helpe therfore.
It is not suche a dredefull Wyght,
as he doth here reporte,
That entred is within these partes,
and plagues the symple forte.
Nor is his force so great to feare,
I know it I full well :
It is the scornfull blynded Boy,
that neare to vs doth dwell.
Whom *Mars* long tyme a go begott,
of that Lasciuious dame :
That Linckt in Chaines for Lechery,
receaued an open shame.
A disobedient blynded Foole,
that durst presume to turne :
His darteres agaynst his mother ons,
and causd her sore to burne.
An auncient foo : to all this Court,
Of long tyme he hath ben :
And hath attempted euermore,
by this : Renowne to wyn.
His cruell Hart, of Pitie voyed,
doth spare no kynd of age :

But tender youth and dotyng age,
 he strykes in furious rage.
 And laughes to scorne the sely soules
 that he hath wounded so,
 No Fine appoynted of theyr ils,
 no end of al theyr wo.
 But fyns he hath presumed thus,
 to entre heare in Place,
 And heare to threten Conquests thus,
 agaynst *Dianaes* Grace,
 Let him be sure his loftie Mynde,
 this deade shall foone repent,
 If that your grace do here agre,
 with Fre and full concent.
 To make me Cheftain of this Charge
 and whom I lyf to chose,
 If Prisoner heare I bryng hym not,
 Let me myne Honour lose.
 And there he ceafde with ioyfull looks
 the Ladyes smyled all,
 And thorough his wordes they hoaped foone
 to fe *Cupidoes* fall.
 With heauenly voice *Diana* thear,
 as chyefe aboue the rest :
 This wife her words began to frame,
 From out her sacred brest.
 My good *Hipolitus* quoth she,
 whose true and faythfull mynd :
 In doubtfull daunger often I,
 do always redy fynd.
 For to reuenge the cankred rage,
 of all my sptyfull foes,
 Thou he from whose vnspotted hart,
 the fluddes of vertue flowes.
 whose seruise long hath ben aproued,
 within this court of myne,
 Refrayne this boyes vnruyl rage,
 by valyant means of thyne,

I geue the leaue and thee appoint,
my cheyf Lieutenant here,
Chuse whom you wilt take whom you lyft,
thou nedest no whit to feare.
With this he rose from out his place,
and lokynge round a bout:
Chose *Abstinence* and *Continence*,
with *Labour* Captayne stout.
And with these thre he tooke his leaue
of all the Ladyes there,
Who doubtyng of his safe returne,
let fall full many a teare.
He lefte them theare in heauynes,
and made no more delaye,
But outward went and toward ye Campe,
he tooke the nearest way.
With this the Queenes commyssion straight
was sent abroad in haste,
To rayse vp souldiars round about,
and with theyr Captayne plaste.
To bring them foorth and marching on,
Hipolitus to meet,
Than founded Trumpetes al a broad,
and Drumes in euery streat.
And souldiears good lyke swarmes of Bees
theyr Captains prease about
All armed braue in Corfletes white,
they march with courage stout.
And forwarde shoue, till at the length
where as theyr marshall lyes,
They fynd the place the ioifull soundes,
Do mount aboue the skyes.
Hipolitus receaued them all,
with woordes of plesaunt cheare,
And placith them in good aray,
bycause the camp was neare.
Three Battails big of them he frams,
and of the Rereward [?Vanguard] strong,

Hath Labour charge who steppeth foorth,
 before the statlye thronge:
 And Captayn of the reare ward next,
 was placed abstinenſe,
 And Ioind to him for Policie,
 was Captayne Continence :
 The Battayle mayne *Hipolitus*,
 him ſelſe did chuse to guyd.
 And in the formeſt front therof,
 on Courſer fayre doth ryde :
 The *Trumpets* ſound march on apace,
 and Dromes the fame do ſtryke.
 Then forward moues ye Army great,
 In order Martiall lyke.
 I cam behynde (me thought) and beſt,
 it ſeamed then to me :
 To vew the dynt of dredfull ſword,
 and feyghter none to be.
 Thie Spies were ſent abroad to vew,
 the place where *Cupide* lay :
 A longeſt a Ryuer fayre and broad,
 they ſpye a pleaſaunt way,
 Which waye they tooke and paſſyng foorth,
 at length apeares a plaine :
 Both large and vast wher lyes ye rowt,
 of Cruell *Cupides* trayne.
 Thus told the ſpyes we onward hye,
 and ſtrayght in fyght we haue,
 The ferfull ſhow of all our Foes,
 and dredfull army braue,
 The firſt yat marched from *Cupides* Camp
 was drowſy *Idlenes*.
 The chyefefreſt frend that loue had then,
 the next was vyle *Exces*.
 A Lubbour great, miſhappen moſt,
 of all that thear I ſaw,
 As much I thynk in quantitie,
 as horſes fyxe can draw.

A myghty face both broad and flat,
and all with Rubies set:
Muche nosed lyke a Turky Cocke,
with teth as blacke as Get.
A Belye byg, full trust with guts,
and Pestels two, lyke Postles,
A knaue full square in every poynt,
A Prynce of dronken Oothes.
Vpon a Camell couched hye,
for Horse coulde none hym beare,
A mighty Staffe in hande he had,
his Foes a farre to feare.
Behynde them all, the blynded God,
doth com in Charyot fayre,
With ragyng flames flong rounde about
he pestres all the ayre.
And after hym, for tryumphe leades
a thousande wounded Harts,
That gush abrode hot istreams of blud
new perfed with his Dartes,
The army redy for to meeete
and all at poynt to fyght,
Hipolitus with lusty cheare
and with a noble Spryght.
His Souldiers to encourage. Thus
his wordes begyns to place.
My valyaunt frends and Subjectes all
of Chast *Dianaes* Grace.
whose noble Harts were neuer staind
with spot of Daftards mynd,
Behold our enemyes here at hande,
behold yon coward blynd.
Of lytle force, compare with you,
howe in a fond araye,
They stragle out no ordre dewe,
obserued in theyr waye.
Behold what goodly Guyds they haue
to gourne them withall,

That neuer knew what fighting ment
 but lyue to Venus thrall.
 Marke hym that guyds the rerewardre there
 that vyle deformed Churle,
 Whose foggy Mates, with paunches syde
 do thycke aboue him whurle.
 And he that formost hether coms
 loe what a handsome Squyre,
 Sure full vnapt to kepe the felde,
 more fyt to syt by the fyre.
 In fyne lo Victorey at hande
 with hye tryumphant Crowne,
 Bent for to spoyle our Foes of Fame,
 and cast theyr Glorye downe.
 Fyght therfore now courageously,
 and ryd your frendes of feare,
 Declare your Manhod valyauntly,
 and let your Harts appeare.
 With this the sounde begyns to mount
 and noyse hye to ryse,
 And warlyke tunes begyn to dash,
 them selues agaynst the Skyes.
 The Canons Cracke, begins to roore
 and Darts full thycke they flye
 And couerd thycke, the armyes both,
 and framde a Counter Skye.
 And now the Battayls both be ioynde
 with stroke of Hande to trye.
 The quarrell iust and for to fynde,
 where *Victorey* doth lye,
 The Souldyers all of *Idlenes*
 where *Labour* coms, do fall,
 And wounded fore, by force of hym,
 all bathde in blud, they sprall.
 Hym selfe alone with *Idlenes*
 nowe hande to hande doth fyght
 And after many a mortall wounde,
 destroyes the felye wyght.

hen ioynes with him Syr *Abſtinence*
with ayde and succours newe,
.nd both vpon the grefye Hoaste,
of Glottonye they flewe.
he Captayn doth aduaunce hymſelf
with *Abſtinence* to meeete,
he vnweldy Creature smitten there
is tombled vnder feete.
hen *Fancie* flies *Incontinence*
and all *Cupidoes* frendes,
Beholdynge Fortune thus to frowne,
by flyght them ſelue defendes.
Cupido whan he fees hymſelfe,
thus ſpoylde of all his ayde,
The chyef Supporters of his Courte,
ſo ſodaynly decayde.
had turne his Charyottes than with hafe
and fast away he flies,
mongſt the chaſte *Hipolitus*
on fwyfye Courſer hyes,
han all with Ioye they after run,
downe thycke the enemyes fall,
The blinded boy, for ſuccour ſtraight
to *Venus* hye doth call,
but all his cryes auayleth not,
his Foes hym fast purſewe,
he dryuer of his Charyot foone,
Hipolitus th're flewe.
.nd down from Horſe, the wretche doth fall.
The horſes ipoylde guyde,
Souldier ſtoute of *Reaſons* bande,
is wylled there to ryde.
Who tur[n]yng Raynes another waye
reſtrayns hym of his flyght,
His Honouris lost and taken thus,
Cupide in dolfull pligſt.
heſe wordes with tremblyng voyce began
yth Fortune thus quoth he,

Cupido

Hath giuen her doome from doubtfull brest
 and turnd her Grace from me.
 Syth that the most missfortune nowe,
 that euer I could fynd,
 Hath chaunced to me and Myser I,
 by Destenyes assygnde.
 Am Captyue heare, confydre yet,
 what Fortune myght haue wrought
 And made a Conquerer of me,
 and you in Bondage brought.
 Confydre yet the wofull plignt,
 wherin you had remaynd,
 If that the Gods my happy state,
 had not so fore disdaynd,
 And by your Gryef, than meisure mine
 shewe mercye in this cafe,
 That Conquerour commended is,
 who gyues to pytie place.
 The cruell mynd disprayfed is,
 In euery kynd of state,
 No man so hauty lyues on earth,
 but ons may fynd his mate.
 These wordes *Hipolitus* I speake,
 to bread no farther stryfe,
 I speake not this of malyce heare,
 my fute is for my lyfe,
 Syth Fortune thus hath fauord you,
 graunt this my small request,
 And let me lyue yf mercy dwell,
 within your Noble brest,
 By this tyme *Morpheus* had disperst
 the drowsy Clowd of sleape,
 And from my braynes the quyet traunce,
 began full fast to Creape.
 And downward fell. I waked therwith
 and lokyng round a bout,
 Long tyme I mused where I was,
 my mynd was styl in doubt.

Till at the length I vewde the tree,
and place where as I sat,
And well beheld the pleasaunt Spryng
* that late I wondred at.
I sawe besyde the Golden Globe,
of *Phebus* shynyng bryght,
That Westwarde halfe, dyd hyde his face
approchynge fast the nyght.
Eche Byrde began to shrowd hymself
in tree to take his rest
And ceaste the pleasaunt tunes yat late
proceade from theyr Breaste.
I homewarde went, and left them all,
and restles all that nyght,
I musyng laye, tormented thus,
with fond lamentyng spryght.
When *Phebus* rose to passe the tyme,
and passe my gryefe awaye
I toke my Pen and pend the Dreame
that made my Muses staye.

¶ F I N I S.

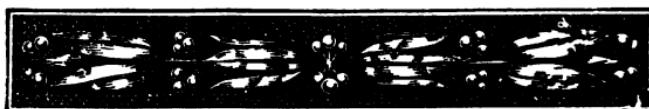
[* This line is repeated. Appearinq at the bottom of one page, and also at the top of the next.]

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by Thomas Colwell, for
Rause Newberry.

And are to be sold at his shop
in Fleetestrete, a lytle
aboue the Conduit.

1563.

15. *Die Mensis March.*



¶ Faultes escaped in the Pryntyng.

[The whole of these corrections have been embodied in the Text.]

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Illuminated sides, pp. xxxii.-64.

[WILLIAM TYNDALE, assisted by WILLIAM ROY.

The First *printed* English New Testament. Cologne—Worms.
1525. 4to.]

Photo-lithographed, by the permission of the Trustees of the British Museum, from the *unique* fragment in the Grenville Collection.

Briefly told, the story of this profoundly interesting work is as follows:—In 1524 TYNDALE went from London to Hamburg; where remaining for about a year, he journeyed on to Cologne: and there assisted by WILLIAM ROY, subsequently the author of the Satire on Wolsey, *Rede me and be nott urothe* [see p. 11], he began this first edition in 4to; with *glosses* of the English New Testament. A virulent enemy of the Reformation, COCHLÆUS, at that time an exile in Cologne, learnt, through giving wine to the printer's men, that P. Quentel the printer had in hand a secret edition of three thousand copies of the English New Testament. In great alarm, he informed Herman Rinck, Senator of the city, who moved the Senate to stop the printing; but Cochlaeus could neither obtain a sight of the Translators, nor a sheet of the impression.

Tyndale and Roy, fled with the printed sheets, up the Rhine to Worms; and there completing this edition, produced also another in Octavo, *without glosses*. Both editions were in England in Jan.-March, 1526: and of the six thousand copies of which they together were composed, there remain but this fragment of the First commenced edition; and of the Second edition, one complete copy in the Library of the Baptist College at Bristol, and an imperfect one in that of St. Paul's Cathedral, London.

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1/6	2. HUGH LATIMER, <i>Ex-Bishop of Worcester.</i>				
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	(2) <i>EUPHUES AND HIS ENGLAND.</i> Containing his voyage and aduentures, myxed with sundrie pretie discourses of honest Loue, the Description of the Countrey, the Court, and the manners of that Isle. Delightful to be read, and nothing hurtful to be regarded: wher-in there is small offence by lightnesse giuen to the wise, and lesse occasion of loosenes profferred to the wanton. London, 1580. Collated with early subsequent editions.	<u>Four Shillings.</u>	Lyly.	5/

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(4) THE COMPLAYNT OF PHYLOMENE. An Elegie compyled by George Gasscoigne Esquire [between April 1562 and 3rd April 1575.] London. 1576.

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4/

14. SIR THOMAS MORE.

UTOPIA. A frutesfull pleasaunt, and wittie worke, of the best state of a publicke weale, and of the new yle, called Utopia: written in Latine, by the right worthie and famous Sir Thomas More knyght, and translated into Englishe by RAPHE ROBYNSON, sometime fellowe of Corpus Christi College in Oyford, and nowe by him at this seconde edition newlie perused and corrected, and also with diuers notes in the margent augmented. London.

2/6 [1556].

One Shilling.

Vol. V.

Villiers.

Gascoigne.

Earle.

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ENGLISH REPRINTS—FOOLSCAP.

9

Quarto.	TITLES, PRICES, etc., etc.	Octavo.
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16.	JAMES HOWELL , <i>Historiographer Royal to Charles II.</i>	<u>Two Shillings.</u> Puttenham.
16.	<i>INSTRUCTIONS FOR FORREINE TRAVELL.</i> Shewing by what <i>cours</i> , and in what <i>compasse of time</i> , one may take an exact Survey of the Kingdomes and States of Christendome, and arrive to the practicall knowledge of the Languages, to good purpose. London. 1642. Collected with the edition of 1656; and in its 'new Appendix for Travelling into Turkey and the <i>Levant</i> parts' added.	<u>Sixpence.</u> Vol. VIII.
16.	NICHOLAS UDALL , <i>Master of Eton.</i>	Howell. Udall.
16.	<i>ROISTER DOISTER</i> , [from the unique copy at Eton College]. 1566.	<u>Sixpence.</u> Monk of Evesham James VI.
16.	THE REVELATION TO THE MONK OF EVESHAM. Here begynneth a marvelous revelacion that was schewyd of almighty god by sent Nycholas to a monke of Euyshamme yn the days of Kynge Richard the fyrst. And the yere of our lord. M.C.LXXXVI. [From the unique copy, printed about 1482, in the British Museum].	<u>One Shilling.</u> 3/6
16.	JAMES VI. <i>of Scotland, I. of England.</i> (1) <i>THE ESSAYES OF A PRENTISE, IN THE DIVINE ART OF POESIE.</i> Edinburgh 1585. (2) <i>A COUNTER BLASTE TO TOBACCO.</i> London. 1604.	<u>One Shilling.</u> —
16.	SIR ROBERT NAUNTON , <i>Master of the Court of Wards.</i>	<i>FRAGMENTA REGALIA</i> : or, Observations on the late Queen Elizabeth, her Times, and Favourites. [Third Edition. London] 1653.
16.	THOMAS WATSON , <i>Student at law.</i> (1) <i>THE Ekatopnia or Passionate Centurie of Loue.</i> Divided into two parts: wherof, the first expresseth the Authors sufferance in Loue: the latter, his long farewell to Loue and all his tyrannie. Composed by Thomas Watson Gentleman; and published at the request of certaine Gentlemen his very frendes. London [1582.]	<u>Sixpence.</u> Vol. IX. Naunton. Watson. 2/6

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Large Paper Edit.		<i>Stiff Covers. Gree Uncut Edges. Red</i>
	(2) <i>MELIBŒUS</i> T. Watsoni, Ecloga in obitum F. Walsinghami, &c. Londini, 1590.	
	(3) <i>AN EGLOGUE</i> , &c., Written first in latine [the above <i>MELIBŒUS</i>] by <i>Thomas Watson</i> Gentleman and now by himselfe translated into English. London 1590.	
4/-	(4) <i>THE TEARS OF FANCY</i> , or Loue disdained. [From the unique copy, wanting Sonnets ix.-xvi., in the possession of S. Christie-Miller, Esq.] London, 1593.	<u>Eighteen Pence.</u>
	22. WILLIAM HABINGTON.	
2/6	<i>CASTARA.</i> The third Edition. Corrected and augmented. London. 1640. With the variations of the two previous editions.	<u>One Shilling.</u>
		V.
	23. ROGER ASCHAM.	
2/6	<i>THE SCHOLEMMASTER</i> , Or plaine and perfite way of teachyng children, to vnderstand, write, and speake, the Latin tong, but specially purposed for the priuate brynging vp of youth in Ientlemen and Noble mens houses, commodious also for all such, as haue forgot the Latin tongue, and would, by themselues, without a Scholemaster, in short tyme, and with small paines, recover a sufficient habilitie, to vnderstand, write, and speake Latin. London. 1570.	<u>One Shilling.</u>
		Hal
		As
	24. Tottel's Miscellany.	
6/6	<i>SONGES AND SONETTES</i> , written by the ryght honorable Lorde HENRY HAWARD, late Erle of Surrey, and other. [London, 5 June] 1557.	<u>Half-a-crown.</u>
		T.
	25. REV. THOMAS LEVER, M.A. : afterwards Master of St John's College, Cambridge.	
	<i>SERMONS.</i> (1) A fruitfull Sermon made in Paules churche at London in the Shroudes, the second of Februari. 1550.	
	(2) A Sermon preached the thyrd [or fourth] Sunday in Lent before the Kynges Maiestie, and his honourable counsell. 1550.	
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		L.
		W.
	26. WILLIAM WEBBE, Graduate.	
2/6	<i>A DISCOURSE OF ENGLISH POETRIE.</i> Together, with the Anthors iudgment, touching the reformation of our English Verse. London. 1586.	<u>One Shilling.</u>

... The following works are designed for publication in some. Their prices cannot be fixed with precision, but approximately given. Ferrex and Porrex has been postpon

Newes from the North by F. T. [FRANCIS THYNNE], with RICHARD BARNFIELD'S Poems have not been inserted; some of the Texts not being accessible, at the present time. J. HOWELL'S Epistolæ Holianæ will be put to press as soon as No. 27 BACON'S Essayes, &c., is finished.

Large Paper Edit.	27. FRANCIS BACON.	Stiff Covers. Uncut Edges.	Green Cloth, Red Edges.
7/6	<p>A harmony of the <i>ESSAYES</i>, &c. The four principle texts appearing in parallel columns; (1) Essays. Religious Meditations. Places of persuasion and dissuasion. London 1597. (10 Essays.) Of the Coulers of good and euill a fragment. 1597. (2) The writings of Sir Francis Bacon Knt : the Kinges Sollicitor Generall : in Moralitie, Policie, and Historie. <i>Harleian MS.</i> 5106. Transcribed bet. 1607-12. (34 Essays.) (3) THE ESSAIES of Sir FRANCIS BACON Knight, the Kings Solliciter Generall. London 1612. (38 Essays.) (4) The Essays or Counsels, Ciuell and Morall, of FRANCIS LO. VERULAM Viscount ST. ALBANS. <i>Newly Written.</i> 1626. (58 Essays.)</p>	Three Shillings.	Vol. XIII. — Bacon 3/6
2/6	28. WILLIAM ROY, <i>Franciscan Friar.</i> (1) <i>REDE ME AND BE NOTT WROTHE.</i> [Strasburg. 1527. This is his famous Satire on Wolsey.] (2) <i>A PROPER DYALOGE BETWEEN A GENTLEMAN AND A HUSBANDMAN, &c.</i> [Attributed to Roy] Marburg. 1530. Eighteen Pence.		Vol. XIV. — Roy. Fight in the Re- venge.
4/6	29. SIR W. RALEIGH—G. MARKHAM. <i>THE LAST FIGHT OF THE REVENGE AT SEA.</i> (1) A report of the Truth of the fight about the Isles of Acores, this last Sommer. Betwixt the Reuenge, one of her Maiesties Shippes, and an Armada of the King of Spaine. By Sir Walter Raleigh. London. 1591. (2) The most Honorable Tragedie of Sir Richarde Grinuille, Knight (.) <i>Bramo assai, poco spero, nulla chieggio.</i> [By GERVASE MARKHAM] London. 1595. [Two copies only are known, Mr. Grenville's cost £40.]	One Shilling.	Googe. 4/
/6	30. BARNABE GOOGE. <i>EGLOGS, EPYTAPHES AND SONETTES</i> newly written by Barnabe Googe. London 1563. 15 March. One Shilling.		—
	31. REV. PHILLIP STUBBES. (1) <i>THE ANATOMIE OF ABUSES:</i> conteyning a discoverie or briefe Summarie of Such Notable Vices and Imperfections, as now raigne in many Christian		—

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(2) The Second part of *THE ANATOMIE OF
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(1) The Life of Mr John Milton [by his nephew
EDWARD PHILLIPS]. From 'Letters of State written by
Mr. John Milton, bet. 1649-59.' London. 1694.

(2) *THE REASON OF CHURCH GOVERNE-
MENT* urg'd against Prelacy. By Mr. John Milton.
In two Books. [London] 1641.

2/6

(3) Milton's Letter *OF EDUCATION*. To Master
Samuel Hartlib. [London. 5 June 1644.]

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801. RICHARD EDEN.

I. A treatyse *OF THE NEWE INDIA, WITH OTHER NEW FOUNDE LANDES AND ISLANDS, AS WELL EASTWARDE AS WESTWARDE*, as they are knowen and found in these oure dayes, after the descripcion of SEBASTIAN MUNSTER, in his boke of vniuersall Cosmographie, &c. [London, 1553.]

II. The First English Collection of Voyages, Traffics, and Discoveries.—*THE DECADES OF THE NEW WORLD OR WEST INDIA, &c. &c.* [by Peter Martyr of Angleria.] [Translated, compiled, &c. by Richard Eden.] Londini, Anno 1555.

1. The [Dedicatory] Epistle [to King Philip and Queen Mary.]
2. Richard Eden to the Reader.
3. The [1st, 2nd, and 3d only of the 8] Decades of the newe worlde or west India, Conteynyngh the nauigations and conquestes of the Spanyardes, with the particular description of the moste ryche and large lands and Ilandes lately founde in the west Ocean perteynyng to the inheritance of the kinges of Spayne. In the which the diligent reader may not only consyder what commoditie may hereby chaunce to the hole christian world in tyme to come, but also learne many secretes touchyng the lande, the sea, and the starres, very necessarie to be knownen to al such as shal attempte any nauigations, or otherwise haue delite to beholde the strange and woorderly woorkes of god and nature. Wrytten in the Latine tounge by PETER MARTYR of Angleria, and translated into Englysshe by RYCHARDE EDEN.
4. The Bull of Pope Alexander VI. in 1493, granting to the Spaniards 'the Regions and Ilandes founde in the Weste Ocean' by them.
5. *The Historie of the West Indies* by GONÇALO FERNANDEZ OVIEDO Y VALDES.
6. Of other notable things gathered out of dyuers autors.
7. Of Moscouie and Cathay.
8. Other notable thynges as touchyng the Indies [chiefly out of the booke of FRANCISCO LOPEZ DE GOMARA, 'and partly also out of the booke made by SEBASTIAN CABOT.']
9. The Booke of Metals.
10. The description of the two viages made owt of England into Guinea in Afrique [1553, 1554].
11. The maner of fyndyng the Longitude of regions.

INDEX.

∴ An abridged analysis of this voluminous work was issued in the previous catalogue (1 Dec. 1869); which will be found bound up with 'English Reprints' issued during this year, 1870.

Imperial folio.

1001. PETRUCCIO UBALDINI—AUGUSTINE RYTHON.

A Discourse concerning the Spanishe fleete inuadinge Englaude in the yeare 1588 and ouerthrowne by her Maies-ties Nauie vnder the conduction of the Right-honorable the Lorde Charles Howarde highe Admirall of Englaude: written in Italian by PETRUCCIO UBALDINI citizen of Flor-ence, and translated for A. RYTHON: vnto the which discourse are annexed certain tables expressinge the generall exploites, and conflictes had with the said fleete.

These bookees with the tables belonginge to them are to be solde at the shoppe of A. RYTHON, being a little from Leaden hall next to the Signe of the Tower. [1590.]

The twelve Tables express the following subjects:—

FRONTISPICE.

I. THE SPANISH ARMADA COMING INTO THE CHANNEL, OPPOSITES THE LIZARD; AS IT WAS FIRST DISCOVERED.

II. THE SPANISH ARMADA AGAINST FOWEY, DRAWN UP IN THE FORM OF A HALF MOON; THE ENGLISH FLEET PURSUING.

III. THE FIRST ENGAGEMENT BETWEEN THE TWO FLEETS AFTER WHICH THE ENGLISH GIVE CHASE TO THE SPANIARDS, WHO DRAW THEIR SHIPS INTO A BALL.

IV. DE VALDEZ'S GALLEON SPRINGS HER FOREMAST, AND IS TAKEN BY SIR FRANCIS DRAKE. THE LORD ADMIRAL WITH THE 'BEAR' AND THE 'MARY ROSE,' PURSUE THE ENEMY, WHO SAIL IN THE FORM OF A HALF MOON.

V. THE ADMIRAL'S SHIP OF THE GUIPUSCOAN SQUADRON HAVING CAUGHT FIRE, IS TAKEN BY THE ENGLISH. THE ARMADA CONTINUES ITS COURSE, IN A HALF MOON; UNTIL OFF THE ISLE OF PORTLAND, WHERE ENSUES THE SECOND ENGAGEMENT.

VI. SOME ENGLISH SHIPS ATTACK THE SPANIARDS TO THE WESTWARD. THE ARMADA AGAIN DRAWING INTO A BALL, KEEPS ON ITS COURSE FOLLOWED BY THE ENGLISH.

VII. THE THIRD AND THE SHARPEST FIGHT BETWEEN THE TWO FLEETS: OFF THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

VIII. THE ARMADA SAILING UP CHANNEL TOWARDS CALAIS; THE ENGLISH FLEET FOLLOWING CLOSE.

IX. THE SPANIARDS AT ANCHOR OFF CALAIS. THE FIRESHIPS APPROACHING. THE ENGLISH PREPARING TO PURSUE.

X. THE FINAL BATTLE. THE ARMADA FLYING TO THE NORTHWARD. THE CHIEF GALLEASS STRANDED NEAR CALAIS.

LARGE MAP SHOWING THE TRACK OF THE ARMADA
ROUND THE BRITISH ISLES.

These plates, which are a most valuable and early representation of the Spanish Invasion, are being re-engraved in facsimile, and will be issued in the Spring of 1877, at the lowest feasible price: probably HALF-A-GUINEA.

∴ Other works may follow.

BY VARIOUS EDITORS: UNDER MR. ARBER'S GENERAL SUPERVISION.

Some Texts require the amplest elucidation and illustration by Masters in special departments of knowledge. To recover and perpetuate such Works is to render the greatest service to Learning. With the aid of Scholars in special subjects, I hope to endow our readers with some knowledge of the Past, that is now quite out of their reach. While the Editors will be responsible both for Text and Illustrations; the works will be produced under my general oversight: so that the Annotated Reprints, though of much slower growth, will more than equal in value the English Reprints.

E. A.

In the Spring of 1871: in Fcp. 8vo the First Volume (to be completed in Four) of

The Paston Letters. 1422-1509.

Edited by JAMES GAIRDNER, Esq., of the Public Record Office:

EVERY one knows what a blank is the history of England during the Wars of the two Roses. Amid the civil commotions, literature almost died out. The principal poetry of the period is that of Lydgate, the Monk of Bury. The prose is still more scanty. The monastic Chronicles are far less numerous than at earlier periods: and by the end of the Fifteenth Century they seem to have entirely ceased. Thus it has come to pass that less is known of this age than of any other in our story. In this general dearth of information recent historians like Lingard, Turner, Hall, and Knight, who have treated of the reigns of Henry VI., Edward IV., &c., have found in *The Paston Letters* not only unrivalled illustration of the Social Life of England, but also most important information, at first hand, as to the Political events of that time. So that the printed Correspondence is cited page after page in their several histories of this period.

The Paston Letters have not however been half published. No literary use was made of them while accumulating in the family muniment room. William, 2nd Earl of Yarborough, the last member of the family, having encumbered his inheritance, parted with all his property. The family letters came about 1728 into the hands of the distinguished antiquary, Peter le Neve; afterwards, by his marriage to Le Neve's widow, to his brother antiquary Martin of Palgrave; on his death again, to a Mr. Worth, from whom they were acquired by Mr. afterwards Sir John Fenn.

In 1787, Fenn published a small selection of the Letters in two volumes 4to; of which the first edition having been sold off in a week, a second appeared in the course of the year. He then prepared a further selection, of which two volumes appeared in 1789; the fifth volume being published after his death, in 1823.

Strangely enough, the Original Letters disappeared soon after their publication: and only those of the Fifth volume have, as yet, been recovered. There is no reasonable doubt that they still exist and will some day be found. There is no necessity, however, to postpone a new edition indefinitely, until they are again brought to light: for a comparison of the Fifth volume with its originals establishes Sir John Fenn's general faithfulness as to the Text; and therefore our present possession, in his edition, of the contents of the missing Manuscripts.

Three hundred and eighty-seven letters in all were published by Fenn: about one hundred additional letters or documents, belonging to the same collection and which have never been published at all, will be included in the present edition. Not only will the Text be doubled in quantity; but in its elucidation, it will have the benefit of Mr. Gairdner's concentrated study of this Correspondence for years past. Half his difficulty will be in the unravelling of the chronology of the Letters, partly from internal evidence, partly from the Public Records, and other sources. Fenn's chronology—for no fault of his—is excessively misleading. This was inevitable, from the difficulties of a first attempt, the state of historic criticism in his day, and the limited means then available for consulting the public records, &c. It is remedied, however, by restoring each Letter to its certain or approximate date, vastly increasing the interest of this Correspondence. In addition textual difficulties will be removed, and valuable biographical information afforded.

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